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ENGLISH AND LATIN
POEMS,

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

BY THE LATE
JOHN LATHAM, D.C.L.
OF BEADWALL HALL, CHESHIRE.

IN MEMORIAM

NOT PUBLISHED

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MEMOIR.

JOHN LATHAM, the subject of this memoir, was the eldest son of John Latham, M.D., F.R.S., and of Mary the eldest daughter of the Rev. Peter Mere, vicar of Prestbury, in Cheshire. He was born at Oxford (where his father then resided, and practised as a physician) March the 18th, 1787. In the year 1789, Dr. Latham transferred himself and his family to London, where, for forty years, he pursued his profession with reputation and success. Finally withdrawing from the world in 1829, he spent the last fourteen years of his life in retirement, at Bradwall in Cheshire, and died in 1843, at the advanced age of eighty-two, leaving behind him a good name, and a lasting title to the love and gratitude of his children.

Accidental circumstances determined for his eldest son the place of his education very early

in life. Macclesfield school, in those days, had a considerable reputation, which was sustained, and afterwards greatly advanced, by Dr. David Davies. To this school, and to the special care of Dr. Davies, recently appointed its headmaster (and connected with his family by marriage of his mother's sister), John Latham was consigned at the early age of five years. How he mastered the first hard elements of Latin and Greek, whether with ease or difficulty, cannot now be told. It may be presumed that the course of his early education ran smoothly, for he was always a happy boy ; but it is certain that, no sooner had he pierced the rind, and tasted the fruit of classical literature, than he perceived how sweet it was.

To the three or four last years of his school education he was accustomed to look back as to the most important period of his life. And to him it was really so ; for although the knowledge acquired at that early age may generally be less important, as preparatory only to things more needful for the business of life, to him it was rendered all in all by a coming event most sad and unforeseen.

But all the value which belonged to this

period had been brought home to him, he considered, by the sound instruction of Dr. Davies. He had a filial feeling of gratitude towards him; he would often reckon up with thankfulness the sources of his happiness, and never without ascribing a large share of it to the solid and accurate learning of this admirable man. In the days of his own mature scholarship he would still quote many a well-remembered maxim of Dr. Davies, and bow to it as authority.

It was remarkable of him, while yet at school, that in the gradual growth of his mind, his taste seemed to keep pace with his knowledge; and hence he was distinguished above other boys chiefly by his compositions. His exercises were seldom returned, after perusal, without one of those marks of approbation appended, which the pupils of Dr. Davies so well remember as their great objects of ambition; and, among these, he would sometimes send up a copy of English verses, or a Latin Sapphic, or Alcaic ode of exceeding beauty.

It is interesting to record, as prominent parts of his character at this time, his great love of athletic exploits, his great bodily activity, and his great personal courage: qualities which the

conditions of his after-life never brought into active display, but which, had the field of enterprise been ever opened to him, might have been no mean auxiliaries to force of intellect. There were, however, other qualities in him, as a boy, on which it is pleasing to look back and trace in them the permanent lines of his character. Perhaps that character was early formed, both in its intellectual and moral aspects. Already he was very methodical, and a great economist of time; and hence, while he got through much work of the kind he loved, he had much leisure left for sports, which he loved also.

Goodnature was remarkable in him as a boy: not the mere passive sympathy, but the active principle of goodnature. He was ready to give what cost him time, and trouble, and effort: especially he would help the less successful industry of others in their studies. He would set his face against all petty tyranny and bullying, and always take part with the weak against the strong. With very susceptible feelings, he had a temper singularly placid and unresentful. From his very boyhood it might be truly said of him, that he never "hurt anybody by word or deed." Amidst all the broils, and conflicts,

and license of a school, no profane or unbeseeming word was ever known to pass his lips.

He was hardly more than sixteen, when, in 1803, he was entered at the university of Oxford. The day on which he first became a member of the university was a memorable one. It was the day of the commemoration, on which the youthful Reginald Heber, with the simple feeling and fervor of a poet, recited, in the Theatre, his beautiful prize poem of "Palestine". Reginald Heber and he were members of the same college, Brasenose, and were afterwards elected fellows of All Souls, and became personal friends. He did not go to reside at Brasenose until January 1804.

Oxford, in those days, did not present the strong incentives which it now does to literary ambition. Still there were many reading men; many who became wise from their own love of knowledge, or from a determination to fulfil the purpose of their going there, though not from the encouragements of the place. Among these was John Latham. A contemporary has a pleasing recollection of the large resort, once a-week, to Latham's room, to hear him construe Aristophanes, in preparation for the next day's public lecture in hall.

The chancellor's prizes were then the chief objects of competition ; the English essay for bachelors ; and the Latin verse for undergraduates. The prize for English verse was only occasionally given. John Latham won the prize for Latin verse in 1806. The subject was "Trafalgar."

The examination for degrees was then only in its first stage towards reform. It was held publicly in the schools ; but there was, as yet, attached to it no classification according to merit. Those who did well were complimented by the examiners ; and John Latham, at the end of Michaelmas term 1806, gained this, which was then the greatest honour annexed to the examination. In the same term, while yet an undergraduate, and before he had passed his examination for his degree, he was elected a fellow of All Souls.

It had long been a settled thing in his family that the law was to be his profession. His father had lived and flourished among lawyers, and the best and most eminent of them were his most intimate friends. It was natural that his thoughts and feelings, and his estimate of things, should run in the same current with theirs, and

that his hopes should catch a glimpse of the honours of their great profession one day falling upon his son. Accordingly, about Christmas 1806, he was entered at Lincoln's Inn. On the same day he received from the hands of Serjeant Williams, his father's most intimate friend, a present of his great work (*Saunders' Reports*), and a plan laid down for his legal studies.

It is not possible to conceive a human being happier than Dr. Latham at this period: himself only forty-five years of age, in the full career of his professional success, enjoying the esteem of the best men living, rejoicing in his eldest son's university success, crowned by his election to All Souls, and seeing him now at the entrance of his profession, and looking upon him, perhaps, as the example which others whom he loved might be found to follow. Those who knew the tenderness and enthusiasm of his nature could understand his happiness: his own family could tell how his heart overflowed with gratitude. But there is a Will above our will; and this higher Will, when it thinks fit, unmakes our purposes, and breaks in pieces all the images of our idol-worship, sometimes gradually, sometimes suddenly and with a shock.

The winter of 1806 and 1807 was severe. Ophthalmia was a prevalent disease. John Latham, whenever he caught cold, was apt to have his eyes inflamed. A few days after his entrance at Lincoln's Inn, late at night, and heated with exertion, he was exposed to a current of cold air. As usual, inflammation fell upon his eyes ; but it did not, as usual, soon pass away. It became rapidly worse, and defied all the means employed to arrest its destructive progress ; and, in one short month, he was all but blind for ever. It was fondly hoped that enough of sight would ultimately be preserved in one eye to enable him to read ; but, alas ! it was only sufficient to guide his steps ; and never did he read a printed book again.

His disease and its treatment brought down his health and strength so low, that two or three months were needed for their restoration ; and then he came back again into life. But all its hopes were gone. Yet even then his own cheerfulness was the one bright ray shining through the cloud which hung over his father's house. And now he had not quite completed his twentieth year ; a long life might be before him ; he could form no purposes for the future ; he

could only wait upon the will of God, and trust it as his guide. Happily his years had hitherto been well spent ; and the seed of the sower, fallen upon good ground, brought forth fruit with patience.

As his strength returned he began to think of All Souls as his future home. He was the youngest in years of all the Fellows ; he had been very recently elected, and had resided there only a few weeks prior to his calamity, when he had all the fresh and happy feelings which must naturally belong to one just adopted into such a society. But now, when he was going to return to All Souls, he had far different feelings. He thought of his own dependent state ; of the society, which was still new to him ; of friendships there, which were yet to be formed ; and of his own unsuitable condition to form them. As far as he durst frame any plans for the future, it was among his hopes that his college might become to him a second home. Could it, indeed, ever become so ? The experiment was to be tried ; and, with such thoughts passing in his mind, he resumed his residence at All Souls in the summer of 1807. Here he made his first trial of the world since the sad

event which had entirely changed his relation to it. He was welcomed with great kindness and sympathy ; all were ready to do him services of friendship, and to participate with him in whatever he took a pleasure and an interest in. After a few terms of residence, his college became indeed to him all that he had hoped, even a second home : and, for fourteen years, he spent several months of every year at All Souls, deriving from it much tranquil happiness, and much mental improvement, and many friendships.

A college life would perhaps, under any circumstances, have been not unsuitable to his nature. In his actual state it brought within his reach, by the help and sympathy of congenial minds, what he could otherwise have hardly obtained. In Oxford he was never idle ; he always found those who willingly admitted him to share their reading and their studies. Some read to him the current literature of the day, some read books of more solid information, some the classics, and some, who were preparing for holy orders, read divinity. In this variety of literary intercourse he was often the instructor as well as the instructed. In classics,

especially, his accuracy and his taste could hardly fail to furnish a useful lesson to the reader, whoever he might be.

And now, when the recovery of his sight had become quite hopeless, unrepining at his bereavement, and even thankful for the little ray of light that still was left to him (sufficient only to enable him to see near objects indistinctly), and, by his cheerfulness, attaching even strangers to him with a feeling of tenderness and respect, he was a happy man. By what seems to be a divinely-ordered law of compensation, he had resources which almost counterbalanced his great loss: his scholarship, his love of literature, his memory, his powers of imagination, and his extraordinary enjoyment of music. As to the last, his natural fondness for it seemed to grow upon him after he was abridged of his enjoyments through the sense of sight. Perhaps his ear was quickened by the partial closing of that other sense to a nicer and more exact perception of the differences of sound; for he has said that he could distinguish who were present in a room with him by their very breathing. Either from his own inaptitude (as he asserted), or, as was more evi-

dently the truth, from bad instruction, he was unsuccessful in his attempt to become a practical musician ; nor did he possess any strictly scientific knowledge of music. But his intense enjoyment of it latterly amounted almost to a passion, and was a large ingredient in his cup of happiness. He would sit, silent and abstracted, by the hour, listening with delight to the performance of any first-rate instrumental composition. His ready and well-furnished memory was improved by a perpetual exercise, and had its stores continually increased by fresh accessions ; and he had the power of drawing upon it at will, as a source of interest and amusement. Thus his mind was never inactive. When left alone, or when unable to sleep at night, he would make the repetition of an *Æneid*, or of a book of the odes of Horace, serve for an occupation or an opiate. And again, his strong imaginative faculty was an inexhaustible resource to him. Limited as he had become in the power of external observation, he was the more drawn within himself ; and the acquisitions of his mind afforded a wide range of choice to his imagination. The great pleasure that he took in this intellectual exer-

cise was evidenced by his perpetual production of some fruit of it. Like his favourite Cowper, he would turn any subject or idea that struck him forcibly into poetry, and could make all, from the most touching incident down to an attack of deafness, or the loss of a tooth, alike poetical.

In recalling the particulars of this period of John Latham's life, it may be mentioned that he devoted himself, during the greater part of the years 1811 and 1812, to the tuition of a younger brother, previously to his entering at the university. It was his first essay in the work, which afterwards, as his own children grew up, became to him, for so many years, the one great practical occupation of his life. His pupil, who survives him, cherishes with an affectionate and mournful gratitude the recollection of that time. He remembers with what heartiness his brother seemed to enter on their daily work, as if it was a real pleasure to himself, and so brought him to seek and find an interest in it; and he feels, and thankfully acknowledges, that to the mental discipline and moral training of that period, he mainly owes the happiness of forty years, which they have

since passed together, one in heart, and mind, and taste, and feelings; and even more than brothers.

In the summer of 1816, he made an excursion of a few weeks, in company with his brother Henry, to Paris, and through Belgium and Holland. It was a source of much enjoyment to him; and, in order to impress his memory with distinct ideas of the different places which he visited, his first object always was to pace the circuit of the walls, and then to ascertain how the main streets intersected each other. He ever afterwards recurred with pleasure to this little tour, and all its novel incidents; but he remembered also his misery on the passage, in a gale of wind, to Calais, and never could resolve to make a second voyage.

In recurring to the past, John Latham's early friends will recollect the pleasure that he derived at this period from his occasional visits to the theatre. Theatricals were then, what they have now ceased to be, a subject of continual interest and discussion in society; for it was then that by-gone, brilliant epoch of the drama, the age of the two Kembles, Mrs. Siddons, Young, and Miss O'Neil, and of a host of comic

actors, all excelling in their art; when numerous plays of Shakspeare were brought upon the stage by John Kemble, with a perfectness perhaps never seen before or since. A privilege of being admitted privately to the pit of Covent Garden Theatre, before the inpouring of the crowd, had been kindly granted to him, of which he frequently availed himself; and, seated in the centre of the front row, from whence the shadows of the actors passing by could be distinguished by him, he entered fully into the illusion of the scene.

His time was now divided periodically between All Souls, and his father's house in Harley-street, or Cheshire; and nothing occurred to change or vary the tenor of his existence until his marriage. On the 24th of May 1821, he was married, at Crawley, Hants, to ELIZABETH ANNE, the eldest daughter of his father's friend, the late Sir HENRY DAMPIER, one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench; and few women could have been found so well qualified to be the wife of one in his peculiar circumstances, as she who then became his partner and true helpmate, and to whom he was indebted for the unbroken happiness of the next eighteen years,

the term of his married life. With a highly cultivated mind, stored with accurate and extensive knowledge, and able to appreciate and take part with him in all his intellectual enjoyments, she had a disposition as domestic as his own. She had his strong moral and religious principles, partook of all his tastes, and was, moreover, what was to him no unattractive endowment, a good musician.

Their first residence was in Somerset-street, near Portman-square, where they passed ten years in that quiet and unvaried round of life which, in its retrospect, leaves so little for the recollection of the mere spectator, and perhaps little more even for those who have themselves been parties to it. Friends, books, and music, and literary composition, the “delightful industry enjoyed at home,” made up the sum of it. Of the way in which their happy evenings were ordinarily passed, he has drawn a pleasing picture in a little poem inserted in this volume; one of those which, in many successive years, he presented to his wife on the anniversary of their wedding-day. Reading is there made the main employment of the evening; and reading was the morning’s occupation. It is, indeed,

extraordinary how many hours of every day were spent by him continuously in reading ; he had absolutely a craving for it, and the regular indulgence of the appetite had become essential to his comfort. For thirty years together he did not omit the good custom of reading, every morning, the four lessons and the psalms appointed for the day. Then came the reading of the newspaper, that he might not be uninformed of any incident of importance in the current of events. Besides this, a course of miscellaneous reading always was in progress, and the accumulating literature of the day had to be kept pace with. His wife acquired the faculty of employing herself mechanically with her needle, or some other housewifery, without distracting her attention from the book ; and, under the instruction of her husband, she soon attained a knowledge of Latin, so as to become his amanuensis in that language, and enter into his enjoyment of its literature.

As their family grew up about them, some of the morning hours were devoted to the instruction of their children ; and in his teaching he observed the scrupulous exactness, and the ad-

mirable method, of his old schoolmaster at Macclesfield, of which he felt the value in his own sound acquirements. An interchange of visits with the houses of their many family connexions in London, and a regular attendance at every concert of the Ancient Music, in its season, were the only evening pleasures that they sought or cared for, out of their own home. In 1829, Dr. Latham, then in his sixty-eighth year, had finally retired from London to his estate in Cheshire; and three years later, John Latham removed from Somerset-street to Springfield, a house belonging to his father in Sandbach parish, within five minutes' walk of Bradwall Hall, his father's residence.

Springfield was a plain substantial house, with the formal garden in the front of it, filled with large antiquated evergreens, and laid out with grass walks and quaintly-shaped flower beds, which are described so neatly in a copy of Latin verses in this volume. And there the same even, happy tenor of their life went on; while their near residence increased the comfort of his aged father and mother. The grandfather, always remarkable for his love of little children (an amiable feature of his character

which his eldest son inherited), was enabled to exchange visits many times a day with his infant grandchildren; and the society of his son and daughter-in-law gave him a resource and occupation, beyond the interest that he was taking in his books and farm.

But his portion of domestic sorrow was to be measured out to John Latham. He already had experienced one affliction, in the death of an engaging boy, at an age when he had become peculiarly endeared to him; and, at the beginning of 1839, his happiness was still further overcast by the rapidly declining health of his wife. It was their custom to make an annual round of visits to their relations in the south of England; and, while they were staying at her mother's house in Tonbridge Wells, she died, on the last day of May. Her immediate death was not expected; for she had not yet even kept her room, when she was found lying dead one morning by her husband's side. The devoted wife, who had been all in all to him, and the mother of his children, was thus taken from him with a stroke. But, though he felt acutely, in devout submission to the will of God he was enabled to possess his soul in

patience. The touching circumstances of his wife's death are told by him in the following lines, written at the time :—

“ I will not see her in her coffin laid ;—
No, let her still be present to my sight
Such as I last beheld her ; not confined
With grave-clothes, and with trappings sad arrayed ;
But, as by some fine sculptor's hand portrayed,
Half-raised, and partly on her side reclined ;
Her placid features as in hope resigned ;
Her parted lips as though e'en now they prayed ;
One cheek upon her pillow gently prest,
Her pale hands on each other lightly thrown.—
Such was the lovely image which I woke
That morn to look upon ;—I turned, and spoke ;
'Sleep'st thou ?'—I touched, I kissed her—life had
 flown—
Her ransom'd spirit was indeed at rest.”

The robust old age of Dr. Latham had gradually been breaking down, under the increase of the painful malady (stone in the bladder) which was eventually to bring him to the grave ; and when, upon the death of Mrs. Latham, in December 1841, his aged father was left solitary and bed-ridden, bereft of her who had been the partner of his life for fifty-seven years, John Latham moved his family from Spring-

field to the Hall: and in little more than another year, on the 20th of April 1843, his father died. But he was to be tried by a more heavy sorrow; for the hand of death was not laid only upon those whose departure was to be expected in the course of nature. The grave was scarcely closed upon his father, when it was reopened to receive his eldest son John Henry. He had lost three other children, in infancy or early childhood; but this stroke fell upon him at a time when he was hailing the fulfilment of his own long-cherished, fondest hopes, and the earnest of his boy's success in after life, in his brilliant university career.

John Henry, then an undergraduate of Brasenose, was a young man of the greatest promise, and already of attainments far beyond his years. He had gone to Rugby in the autumn of 1835, admirably grounded by his father's home-instruction, and was placed at once in a position very much in advance of his contemporaries in the school. In March 1837, when he was just fourteen, he gained the Rugby scholarship; but, in consequence of a severe attack of pleurisy at the beginning of 1838, it was found necessary that he should be withdrawn from

school. From that time the advantages of Rugby were entirely lost to him. He remained at home a year: and, though he went back in February 1839, the symptoms of returning illness did not permit him to continue at Rugby more than a few weeks. Dr. Arnold, in a kind letter of condolence written at the time to his father, says, "he is now, at sixteen, the fourth boy in the school, and quite equal to his place."

He now suffered a relapse of his original disease. For several months, and at the very time of his mother's death, his life was in peril from day to day. But at length present danger passed away; and then his father was willing to sacrifice every other consideration to the restoration of his health. He discouraged his reading, and endeavoured to withdraw him from books to out-door amusements. And in truth, for more than a twelvemonth, which he spent at home before he went to college, his mind was far less engaged in study than it had been for several previous years.

In the autumn of 1840, his health was sufficiently re-established for him to go to Oxford. But, so fearful was his father of the place and its objects of ambition producing in him efforts

and excitement of mind beyond his bodily strength, that John Henry went there with a sort of tacit understanding that he was to contend for no honours, and attempt nothing beyond a common degree.

But he was no sooner in Oxford, than he found a Craven scholarship thrown open to the university, and immediately to be competed for; and when, feeling perhaps his own power, he supplicated his father that he would allow him to stand, it was an entreaty which a father could not absolutely deny. He could only discourage his purpose; and this he did, by telling him that success was beyond his reach, and that such open scholarships could only be gained by those who had had advantages of previous training far beyond any which he had enjoyed. Nevertheless, John Henry became a candidate; and, in the first term of his residence, he was elected Craven scholar. In the Lent term of 1843, he was unsuccessfully a candidate for Dean Ireland's scholarship; when Edwin Palmer, of Balliol, succeeded, and the name of John Henry Latham was announced as that of the candidate "*qui proximè accessit*". But, though he failed in this object of his am-

bition, with what ability he contended for the prize of classical taste and learning, is shewn not only by the honourable mention made of him by the examiners, but by his exercises, which have been preserved. Several of them are beautiful compositions, and prove how well the father had formed the taste of his dear pupil upon his own.

When he came home at Easter 1843, he was far advanced in his preparation for the schools in the ensuing autumn, looking forward to the easy attainment of that further academical distinction which he knew would most gladden his father's heart,—a place in the first class. It was, however, otherwise ordained. His system had been overwrought; and, in the hope that it might be recruited, he was advised not to return to Oxford for the two terms preceding the long vacation. But his health, which had been too far undermined, gave way rapidly, and he died within a few weeks of his grandfather. This was almost the greatest sorrow that John Latham ever knew; yet he did not permit himself to give way to depression, but bowed in humble resignation to his chastisement. He seldom spoke of him; but in every

book that had belonged to John Henry, there is inscribed, “*olim è libris desideratissimi J. H.*”, or some equivalent memorial; and there were indications that he was often present to his thoughts. A beautiful window,* of his designing, is erected to John Henry’s memory in the Bradwall chancel of Sandbach church. It represents the raising of the widow’s son to life, with the text underneath, “Young man, I say unto thee arise”; and, in the two side-lights, are figures of Christian Faith and Hope,—the emblems of the sources of his consolation.

Amongst his father’s papers there is a single sheet (containing only a few paragraphs written from his dictation) of the commencement of a memoir of this extraordinary boy. He found it a task too painful for him to resume. After stating that the window in the chancel of Sandbach church was fitted up with stained glass in memory of his beloved and lamented son, it thus proceeds: “Lest, in the course of years, when the present generation shall have passed away, any descendant of mine, or collateral representative, should be unable to give an answer, when asked, who the person was whose

* Executed by Messrs. Ward and Nixon.

name and early death are here recorded, I have thought it right to put together the following brief memoir, which I hope will be carefully preserved in my family. Had it pleased God to spare the life of my dear boy, and to grant him bodily health at all proportioned to his intellectual endowments, he would, in all human calculation, have raised up a name for himself, which would not have needed any other memorial. But it was ordained otherwise; and, under the full conviction that it was so ordained for the best, I have always bowed, without a murmur, to the righteous dispensation of an all-wise Providence.

“J. H. L. was born in Harley-street, London, February 14, 1823, in the house of his grandfather, Dr. Latham. Though at first puny and delicate, before the expiration of six months he became a strong and vigorous child, and by an extraordinary vivacity of spirits, gave indications of a sound constitution and the promise of future health, which, in point of fact, he very generally enjoyed till about his fifteenth year. If the parents of J. H. had been of the number of those who look with apprehension on the intellectual precocity of children, as a prognos-

tic of early death, they would indeed have had much reason for alarm ; but they were not so, and, on the contrary, watched with pride and delight the early dawn and rapid development of as fine an intellect as child was ever blessed with. The quickness of his apprehension, and his aptitude and eagerness to learn, were such, that the labour of his parents, who were his only instructors till he went to Rugby in his thirteenth year, was rather to check than to stimulate his progress ; and for myself I can safely say, and his dear mother used to say the same thing, that I do not remember ever to have gone through a lesson with him which was not a source of unmixed pleasure both to the teacher and the pupil.

“ The following extract from a letter of J. H., addressed to his grandfather, bearing the date of January 4, 1832, six months before he completed his ninth year, will show the progress which he had made, and was then making, in his daily studies with me and his mother.” The extract mentions how, on such and such days in the week, he *did* Greek grammar and Greek Testament, writing out anomalous verbs and derivations ; Cæsar, and Virgil’s *Æneid*,

which last he repeated the next morning ; Latin verses and Latin exercises ; arithmetic, and geography ; and that he had begun the second volume of Robertson's *History of America*. And "all this," the memoir adds, "was done with such perfect ease to himself, that, at the time it did not strike us as anything beyond the ordinary course ; but, in the retrospect, when compared with the attainments of other boys of the same age, and with that of his younger brothers while under my own tuition, at a much more advanced age, it seems to me something very extraordinary."

After his father's death, John Latham briefly entertained the question, whether it might not contribute to his happiness to remove again into the south, where he would be within an easier distance of his dearest family connexions ; but he had a strong sense of the responsibilities of his new position as a landowner and country gentleman, and at the same time conceived that it would have been his father's wish that he should remain at Bradwall ; and therefore he determined still to occupy the paternal house, and there devote himself to the unobtrusive duties of his station. How well those duties

were performed by him is known, and could be best told by the small circle of attached friends who lived with him in habits of social intercourse. He became an active and useful magistrate, though it was with some difficulty that he was prevailed upon to undertake the office ; for he feared that his bereavement of sight might disqualify him for its satisfactory performance. But, though he entered upon it at the first experimentally, and with much self-distrust, when he found that it involved little business which he was not competent to transact, and that, in fact, it opened to him a wider sphere of usefulness, he became fond of the occupation.

At no period of his life was the simple beauty of his character seen so advantageously as at this. It was, as it had always been, essentially domestic ; and those who knew him in his own quiet home could best appreciate its more striking features ; the way in which he entered into, and brought home to himself, the hopes, and schemes, and joys, and sorrows, of all those whom he loved ; his general kindliness of feeling ; his spirit of gentleness and moderation ; his happy, never-failing cheerfulness ; his strong good sense ;

and the unpretending quietness with which, in conversation, he dealt out the various information which his tenacious memory commanded. Settled by strong conviction in his Christian faith, he lived a life of unostentatious but habitual piety. His daily reading of the Scriptures has been already mentioned; and when, as was his constant practice if no clergyman was domesticated with him, he led the morning and evening prayers of his assembled household, there was an unaffected earnestness in his manner, and even a peculiarity of utterance, which marked his feeling of the duty in which he was engaged. The doing all the good within his power was not with him a mere result of feeling, but a principle; and his prudent management of a moderate, unencumbered independence enabled him to devote no small proportion of his income to such deeds. It had been the practice of his honoured father to set apart a certain sum for private eleemosynary purposes, which he called his "Corban-fund"; and the good custom was not discontinued by his son. He had a personal knowledge of all his poorer neighbours, and his charities towards them were unstinted. To the many public calls upon him he responded more than liberally.

And so the last nine years of life were passed by him ; doing much good with the worldly means entrusted to his charge, and good incalculable by his personal influence and example ; regarded with respect and love by friends and neighbours and dependents ; happy at home, in the occupation which he loved, the education of his younger son, and in the affectionate attention of his elder son and of his only daughter, who had devoted herself altogether to his comfort since her mother's death, and been, instead of her, his reader and amanuensis, and his inseparable companion ; and interested in the few active public duties which lay beyond the pale of his own family ; and only varying this routine by his much-cherished custom of an annual interchange of visits with his relations in the south.

In the month of August 1852, his daughter was married to the Rev. Ambrose Jones, M.A., the incumbent of Elworth, within the parish of Sandbach ; and (as Bradwall Hall was in the centre of the Elworth district, and that his daughter should continue to reside with him was essential to the comfort of her widowed father), it was arranged that they should make

his house their home. But they were hardly settled there, when, in the beginning of December, he was attacked by the disease which terminated his mortal existence. It was found that he had pleurisy, with water on the chest, and that the operation of drawing off the fluid by puncturing the side was immediately necessary. But, though it was performed twice successfully, the disease, which, in a younger man, would probably have been arrested by the operation, bade defiance to the best medical skill. He lay eight weeks upon his death-bed. His illness was not, indeed, attended by the suffering of acute pain ; but there was still much bodily distress incidental to it. Yet he showed no fretfulness or impatience. He had sometimes, in his health, confessed the natural fear with which he invariably looked forward, not to death, but to the unknown pangs of dissolution ; and, at the reading of the Litany, he habitually took up, and solemnly and audibly repeated, the petition, “in the hour of death, good Lord deliver us !” But, as he had felt his great necessity, and had prayed to be delivered from it, he received strength from his Saviour in the hour of trial. For now, when he knew

that he was upon the bed of death, he forgot all these apprehensions ; and while those about him were heart-broken, as they saw him lying helpless, wasted, and worn out with his tedious illness, and confounding, from his blindness, midnight with midday, he was even cheerful ; full of gratitude to his family and household for their long, dutiful attendance on him, and expressing no anxiety but that his poor dependents might not lose their accustomed Christmas gifts, and that no purposes of kindness which he had expressed, should be forgotten after his departure. He derived great comfort from devotional reading to him, and especially from the reading of the Psalms ; remarking that he had often thought of the extraordinary adaptation that might be made, by any thoughtful reader, of at least some part of almost every one of them personally to his own state and circumstances ; and how forcibly he felt this truth now brought home to himself. One night, when he had been sleeping disturbedly, under the influence of laudanum, he awoke in a state of great excitement. He had dreamed that he was struggling with a serpent. “ Read me,” he said, “ the 91st psalm, and I shall be composed.”

In the last week of January, although the end was not believed to be so near, it was felt that every hope of ultimate recovery must be resigned. But, day by day, he grew more feeble, until, on Sunday morning, the 30th of January, it became evident that he was sinking rapidly ; and never had Christian a more peaceful end. He was quite conscious of approaching dissolution. Calm and composed, he commended his spirit unto God who gave it. He asked a blessing separately upon each of those who stood around his bed, and breathed his last about midday, without apparent pain or any struggle.

On the following Thursday he was interred in Sandbach churchyard. Every shop and house was closed, as the simple funeral procession passed through the street ; and his remains were borne from the churchyard gate between two lines of uncovered, sorrowing spectators, into the church, and to the grave ; where, with his father and his mother, his eldest son and infant children, his body is buried in peace ;—but his spirit lives for evermore.

He has left three surviving children : George William, his eldest son ; Mary Frances, wife

of the Rev. Ambrose Jones ; and Francis Law, a boy at Rugby school.

It hardly can be necessary, but it may perhaps be right to add, that this short sketch of an uneventful life was drawn up with the view to its being perused only by the personal friends of the deceased ; nor is it likely that it will find its way into the hands of many others. But those who have had the happiness of a life-long intimacy with John Latham, may feel a melancholy pleasure in retracing, step by step, these recollections of the past ; while those who had the privilege of knowing him but recently, and those whose early intercourse was only broken off by their separating into different paths in life, may be interested to know more of the preceding or the after-course of one whom they had learned to love. To these, this little biography will, it is hoped, be an acceptable addition to the volume offered to them, as a memorial of their departed friend. A stranger cannot be expected to take the same personal interest in it ; but, if it has been truly said, that a faithful record of the private life of any individual, however undistinguished, would contain both interest and instruction,

even an indifferent stranger may find them here. He may learn how large a share of earthly happiness was mercifully reserved for one whom the world, from his bereavement, might have deemed without resources ; and he may see, in this slight portraiture, another example of that peculiarly English character,—the unobtrusive but accomplished and high-minded Christian gentleman.

April 21, 1853.

DEVOTIONAL.

POEMS.



PARAPHRASE

OF THE OPENING INVOCATION OF THE LITANY.

God the Father ! by whose power
Heaven and Earth and Sea were made,
And till time's expiring hour
All Creation shall be swayed ;
Hear us, when on thee we call,
Miserable sinners all !

God the Son ! For Man's salvation,
Who thyself the price didst pay,
Whose atoning expiation,
Our transgressions washed away ;

Save us, when on thee we call,
Miserable sinners all !

God the Holy Ghost ! Proceeding
From the Father and the Son,
Who for Man art ever pleading,*
Wretched Man by sin undone ;
Help us, when on thee we call,
Miserable sinners all !

Oh ineffable Communion !
Holy, blessed, glorious Three,
Three in one, mysterious union,
Undivided Trinity !
Oh have mercy, when we call,
Miserable sinners all !

* Rom. viii. 26.

PARAPHRASE

OF THE PETITION FROM THE LITANY—

"IN ALL TIME OF OUR TRIBULATION, IN ALL TIME OF OUR WEALTH,
IN THE HOUR OF DEATH, AND IN THE DAY OF JUDGMENT;
GOOD LORD DELIVER US."

In the dark season of distress,
In peril, want and woe,
If friends desert, or foes oppress,
Or sickness lay me low ;
If, reft of those I fondly love,
From earthly ills I flee,
To seek sweet comfort from above ;
Good Lord, deliver me !

If wealth be mine, from all the snares
Which riches with them bring ;
From worldly pleasures, worldly cares
The soul encumbering ;

.

From pride, and from that worst offence,
Forgetfulness of thee,
Whose hand that wealth did first dispense ;
Good Lord, deliver me !

When on the bed of death, a prey
To gloomy thoughts, I lie ;
Or worn by slow disease away,
Or racked with agony ;
Stung with remorse for what has been,
And dreading what shall be
When death has closed this mortal scene ;
Good Lord, deliver me !

And oh ! in that appalling hour,
When, clouds around thee spread,
Thou com'st, arrayed in pomp and power,
To judge the quick and dead ;
When trembling, shrinking from thy face,
Thy servant thou shalt see
A suppliant at the throne of grace ;
Good Lord, deliver me !

PSALM XXIII.

GOD, my Shepherd and my Guide,
Will for all my wants provide ;
He in pastures green will feed me,
And beside still waters lead me ;
He my ransomed soul shall bless,
Turning it to righteousness ;
And the path I ought to take
Teach me, for his dear name's sake.

Yea, when earth itself at last,
From my sight is fading fast,
When with shadows dark o'erspread,
Death's lone valley I shall tread ;

Yet no evil will I fear,
For thou, Lord, wilt still be near ;
With thy Rod and Staff wilt be
Present then to comfort me.

Thou, when foemen closed me round,
Mad'st my table to abound ;
Oil upon my head didst pour,
And didst make my cup run o'er ;
Me thy kindness ever new,
And fresh mercies still pursue ;
Therefore will I all my days
Seek thy House, and sing thy praise.

PSALM XXXIX.

FROM all offence, I said, and wrong
I will take heed to guard my tongue ;
A bridle on my mouth I'll lay,
While in my sight the ungodly stay.

With such resolve my peace I held,
My lips to silence I compell'd ;
Yea, though it cost me grief and pain,
E'en from good words I did refrain.

While thus I mused, the fire suppress'd
Long time within my labouring breast,
Kindling at last, resistless broke,
And as the Spirit moved, I spoke.

Lord, let me know mine end, I said,
And since my days are numbered,
Tell me their sum, and make me sure,
How long my life may yet endure.

Behold, my days are but a span,
For verily the age of Man
Is nothing in respect of Thee,
But altogether vanity.

Man walketh in a shadow vain,
Vexing himself with fruitless pain,
He heaps up riches, nor the while
Knows who shall use the hoarded pile.

And now my hope, what is it, Lord?
On Thee it rests and thy sure word;
Keep me from all transgressions free,
The scoff of fools I would not be.

In mute submission, for 'tis Thou,
Who chastenest me, I humbly bow ;
Yet oh, if such thy will, my God,
Take from me thy consuming rod.

When with rebukes thou dost chastise
Proud man for his iniquities,
Thou mak'st his beauty to decay,
Like garment to the moth a prey.

Thus ev'ry man, whate'er his state,
Or rich, or poor, or mean, or great,
Yea, ev'ry man whoe'er he be,
Is altogether vanity.

Hear Thou my prayer, in pity hear,
And to my cry bow down thine ear ;
Oh keep not silence when I call,
Nor let my tears unheeded fall !

Some space to serve Thee here accord ;
I am a stranger with Thee, Lord,
A sojourner on life's brief scene,
As all my sires before have been.

Then spare me, for a little spare !
That my lost strength I may repair,
To walk with Thee, ere hence I go
And be no longer seen below.

PSALM XCVI.

IN songs of praise, unheard before,
Let all the earth the Lord adore ;
Sing to the Lord and praise his name,
Tell how from Him salvation came ;
His honour to the heathen show,
Let the whole earth his wonders know.
God cannot worthily be praised,
Above all gods so highly raised ;
They are but idols, wood and stone,
The Lord our God is God alone.
He made the heavens, there saints adore Him,
Glory and worship go before Him ;
Girded with power, with honour crowned,
God in his holy place is found.

Oh ! then unto the Lord ascribe,
Nation and kindred, tongue and tribe,
The honour due unto his name,
The glory He may justly claim.
With joy unto his courts repair,
And, as your gifts you offer there,
Meet worship to the Lord address,
In beauty and in holiness.
Then tell it out, that all may hear,
And God's eternal name revere,
Yea, tell it out, and bid the sound
Go forth to all the nations round,
That He is king, and how He made
The earth, and its foundations laid
So sure, that they may ne'er remove
Till that great day, when from above
In clouds descending He shall come,
To pass on all a righteous doom.
Be glad, thou earth ; ye heavens, rejoice ;
Thou sea, send forth thy glorious voice ;
Forest and field, with one accord,
Rejoice, rejoice, before the Lord !

For now is our redemption nigh ;
E'en now, in might and majesty,
He comes ; with glory round Him spread,
He comes to judge both quick and dead,
To heal our woes, our wrongs redress,
And judge the world in righteousness.

May 1829.

PSALM CIII.

WITH every faculty combined,
My soul, of body and of mind,
The praises of the Lord proclaim,
And bless, O bless his holy name ;
Nor ever let the memory part
Of all his goodness from my heart.

'Tis He, who doth thy sins forgive,
Thy sickness heals, and bids thee live
When death's dark shades were gathering round,
He saved thee and with mercy crown'd,
Thy powers to youth and strength restoring,
Like new-fledged eagle heavenward soaring.

'Tis He who doth the wronged redress
In judgment and in righteousness ;
His ways to Moses He revealed,
His out-stretched arm was Israel's shield ;
They saw His wonders, and adored
The mercies of the living Lord.

How doth His kindness still o'erflow,
Long-suffering and to anger slow !
Our faults He will not always chide,
In wrath He doth not long abide,
Nor with us deal, when we transgress,
According to our wickedness.

For look, how high this earth above
Is yonder Heaven,—so vast His love :
From East to West the space survey,—
So far He puts our sins away ;
Yea, as a Father, is He moved
With pity towards a child beloved.

For God, still merciful as just,
Remembers that we are but dust ;
Man's days are but as grass, a flower
That springs and withers in an hour ;
The winds pass o'er it and 'tis not ;
Where late it bloomed, unknown, forgot.

But the Lord's mercies, ever sure,
Through generations shall endure ;
Towards children's children still displayed
Of such as in His Faith have stayed,
And ever thought upon His will,
How best His precepts to fulfil.

The Lord in heaven hath set His throne ;
His power through all the world is known :
Ye Angels, who in strength excel,
With trumpet-tongue His praises tell ;
Ye, who still hearkening to His voice,
To execute His word rejoice.

Praise Him, all ye His Hosts, who stand
Prompt to perform your Lord's command;
Bless ye, His works, your Maker's name,
In every place His power proclaim;
And thou, my soul, unite to raise
The universal song of praise.

June 9th, 1837.

PSALM CXXXIX.

OMNISCIENT, Omnipresent power !
In every place and every hour,
I own thy sway ; when down I lie,
And when I rise, Thou still art nigh ;
My very thoughts to Thee are known,
Ere yet in speech or action shown.

About my path, about my bed,
'The shadow of thy wing is spread ;
'Thy sleepless and all-seeing eye
Doth my most secret ways espy ;
And in an instant every word,
My tongue lets fall, thine ear hath heard.

How, then, thy Spirit may I shun !
Or whither from thy presence run !
If, soaring through the realms of air,
I climb to Heaven, my God is there ;
If down to deepest Hell I go,
There too thy Spirit rules below.

If I should take the wings of morn,
And to earth's utmost bounds be borne,
In lonely isle, on desert plain,
Escape from Thee would still be vain :
E'en there thy power would be confest,
And thy right hand my flight arrest.

Come, night, and hide me ! should I say,
Straight would the night be turned to day ;
With Thee no shades obscure the night,
The darkness is as clear as light ;
The midnight gloom, the noonday sun,
Darkness and light, to Thee are one.

My body, fashioned with such art,
Such nice design in every part,
The work of thy Almighty Hand,
Exceeds my skill to understand.
How to such knowledge may I soar ?
I can but wonder and adore.

When in the womb, like unformed clay,
My yet imperfect substance lay ;
From Thee my bones were not concealed,
But every member was revealed.
E'en then, through nature's hidden plan,
Thine eye beheld the future man.

How dear to me thy counsels, Lord !
Who may the sum of them record ?
In number countless as the sand
Heaped by the billows on the strand ;
E'en from my earliest waking hour,
I feel thy presence and thy power.

Shall not the wicked, Lord, be slain,
All such as take thy name in vain ?
Depart from me, ye men of blood ;
Ye that against the Lord have stood,
Ye scorers of His power divine,
I hate ye ! Hence,—God's foes are mine.

Then try me, Lord, prove every part,
Search all my thoughts, and sound my heart ;
Look well my footsteps do not stray,
But turn them from the evil way.
Nor let me from the true path rove,
That leads to endless joys above.

August 5th, 1826.

PSALM CXLVI.

PRAISE the Lord, oh my Soul!—while I live shall
the Lord

For His mercies unnumbered be praised and adored.

Yea as long as my being endures will I raise

My voice to my God in thanksgiving and praise.

Oh put not your trust in the princes of earth,

Nor in any frail thing that from man has its birth ;

'There is no help in them, their race quickly is sped ;

And, when once from the body the spirit is fled,

'Turned again to their earth in the grave they must lie,

And with them their thoughts and vain projects
shall die.

'They alone, who their hope and their confidence cast

Upon Israel's God, shall find peace at the last :

For ne'er can our trust in that Being prove vain,
Who made Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, with all they
contain ;

Whose promise is sure, and whose truth stands confessed,

Who soothes the afflicted, and aids the oppressed ;
Who feedeth the hungry, whose words can unbind
The prisoner's bonds, and give sight to the blind ;
Who uplifts such as fall from the depths of despair,
While the righteous are still His peculiar care ;
Who succours the stranger, the widow befriends,
And His ear to the cry of the Fatherless lends—
But the way of the wicked, though secret, He knows,
And to nought brings their schemes, and their
counsels o'erthrows.

Praise the Lord, oh my soul, then ; His praise let
me sing :

For the Lord God in Sion for ever is King.

STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY EZEKIEL II, 10:

“AND HE SPREAD IT BEFORE ME: AND IT WAS WRITTEN WITHIN AND
WITHOUT; AND THERE WAS WRITTEN THEREIN LAMENTATION,
AND MOURNING, AND WOE.”

AND what was the Book which that vision of old
To the Prophet's rapt spirit did show?
Wherein to his shuddering sight were unrolled
Lamentation, and mourning, and woe?

That mysterious roll was the volume of life,
The story of man here below;
The record of evil, of passion, and strife,
Lamentation, and mourning, and woe.

Search the chronicle through, each condition and
age,

Young and old, rich and poor, high and low :
You will still find inscribed upon every dark page
Lamentation, and mourning, and woe.

There is poverty, sickness, oppression, and wrong,
False friend and insidious foe :
Temptations and trials resistlessly strong,
And their fruit, lamentation and woe.

On the threshold of life, that to trouble we're born
By our wailings we seem to foreknow ;
And childhood's sweet prime, and youth's opening
morn
Are too often o'erclouded with woe.

Full of hope we set forth, but how quickly doth fate
Blast that hope, and our projects o'erthrow ;
And conviction comes soon, and remains long and
late,
That our heritage here is but woe.

Mark the struggles of manhood to weather the
gale,

When the storms of adversity blow ;
And the waves of destruction on all sides prevail,
And beneath yawns the whirlpool of woe :

Without compass or star the frail vessel is tost
On the ocean of life to and fro ;
Till on shoal or on rock it is shipwrecked and lost
Amid weeping, and wailing, and woe.

Grant these perils surmounted ; what then is our
lot,

But with painful decay, sad and slow,
To sink to the grave, disregarded, forgot,
'Mid infirmity, weakness, and woe ?

But riches, and rank, and the pleasures of sense,
These can happiness surely bestow !—
Few and short are the joys which e'en these can
dispense,
And their end disappointment and woe.

But the bliss, which is built on affection and love,
May not this be relied on? Ah! no;
Too soon shall stern death each dear object remove,
And leave us to bitterer woe.

And though there be moments, which o'er the dark
scene

May at times cast a transient glow;
Like meteors they pass, and the brightness between
But deepens the gloom of our woe.

Cease, murmurer, cease! hear Religion's sweet voice,
Which, whate'er we may here undergo,
Whispers peace to the mourner, and bids him re-
joice
In the midst of affliction and woe.

For the day when in joy we shall reap draweth near,
Though in sorrow awhile we may sow;
When from every face shall be wiped every tear
And the weary shall rest from his woe.

PARAPHRASE

ON A PASSAGE IN BISHOP HORNE'S SERMON ON THE
REDEMPTION OF TIME.

THE Husbandman with ceaseless toil
Still labours to improve his soil ;
When danger's near approach alarms,
The soldier sleeps not on his arms ;
When winds and waves are raging round,
The steersman at his helm is found ;
Each, to the post assigned him true,
Performs the work he has to do.

But when the heart as yet has known
No culture ; each good plant unsown,
Or choked with many a noxious weed
That overtops the nobler seed ;

When now the harvest is at hand,
And at the gate the reapers stand,
The Christian husbandman we view
Sit listless, having nought to do.

When man's worst foes, the world and sin,
And snares without him and within
The fortress of his peace assail,
And Satan's powers e'en now prevail :
The Christian soldier we behold
His arms upon his bosom fold,
And idly some vain toy pursue ;
For he, forsooth, has nought to do.

When the poor weather-beaten soul
Is drifting amid rock and shoal,
Heaven's wrath above, and far beneath
The yawning gulf of Hell and death,
'That very hour in sleep or play
The Christian steersman dreams away ;
Unconscious, 'mid a thoughtless crew,
'That he or they had aught to do.

Ye senseless fools—Awake ! awake !
And fatal slumber from you shake !
Think how their seed-time they employ
Who hope at last to reap in joy :
Be strong and gird you to the fight ;
Be wise and steer your bark aright ;
Lest ye too late your folly rue,
And find that you had much to do.

May, 1829.

ON THE EPIPHANY,

SUGGESTED BY THE CONCLUDING PARAGRAPH OF BISHOP
HORNE'S SERMON ON THAT FESTIVAL.

OBEDIENT to the leading Star,
The Eastern sages came from far
Their infant Saviour to adore,
And at his feet their offerings pour.

For us that Star still beams as bright,
And guides us with its heavenly light,
Where all who seek Him still may find
The promised Saviour of Mankind.

And though nor incense, myrrh, nor gold,
Be our's to give, as their's of old,
Presents as meet we still may bring ;
Nor will He slight the offering.

For faith, like gold that hath been tried
And in the furnace purified,
More precious in his sight will shine,
Than richest gifts from Ophir's mine.

To Him a tribute far more dear
Will be the penitential tear,
That dims the contrite sinner's eye,
Than costliest myrrh of Araby.

Then, like sweet incense, prayer, and praise,
And pure devotion's kindling blaze,
From the heart's altar shall arise,
The best and holiest sacrifice.

While o'er the soul, Joy, Peace, and Love,
And Hope still fixed on things above,
Their balmy fragrance shed abroad,
And make it fitter for its God.

HYMN FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

ANOTHER year its course has sped :

How awful is the thought !

'Tis as a warning, from the dead,

Home to each bosom brought.

Of those on whom that opening year

With life's fair promise shone,

Whom then we saw around us here,

How many now are gone !

Gone to the grave, and ere that sun,

Whose race begins to-day,

His annual circle shall have run,

We too may be as they.

Great God, whose overruling will
Our being doth sustain,
Grant, since thy mercy spares us still,
It may not be in vain !

Oh ! grant that when this morn again
The rolling months bring round,
The tree now spared, if spared till then,
Less worthless may be found.

So teach us, Lord, our fleeting days
To number, so improve,
That we may turn to wisdom's ways,
And seek the things above.

HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

LORD, who once thine arms unfolding,
Infants didst receive and bless,
Us thy children here beholding,
Aid, oh ! aid our helplessness !
Be our refuge and defence ;
Wash our souls in innocence !

Happy they whom thou hast planted,
Lord, thy hallowed courts within :
Shelter there alone is granted
From a world of woe and sin ;
There, secure from every ill,
God's own plants shall prosper still.

As the palm-tree by the fountain
Heavenward lifts its towering head ;
As the cedars of the mountain
All around their branches spread ;
Such may we, oh Lord ! be found
Flourishing in holy ground.

Through all changes and all chances
May our leaf feel no decay,
May we still, as age advances,
Ampler fruits bring forth each day ;
Strengthened still with vigour new,
Still refreshed with heavenly dew.

April, 1827.

HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

FAR from the paths of sin,
Which else he might have trod,
Blest ! who, these hallowed walls within,
Is early brought to God.

He, through life's various day
Where'er his lot be cast,
'Trained from the first in wisdom's way,
Shall keep it to the last.

In that shall he abide
Through sunshine, storm, or shade ;
God's Holy Spirit for his guide,
His comfort and his aid.

That book of perfect truth,
Which first was taught him here,
Shall guard him in the morn of youth,
In age's gloom shall cheer.

And when around his head
Life's last dim shadows close,
He shall not fear the grave's dark bed ;
'Twas thence his Saviour rose.

HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

LORD ! who once from Heaven descending,
Lost mankind didst seek and save ;
Us in our distress befriending,
Grant the shelter which we crave.
From a sinful world we flee,
Shepherd of our souls, to Thee.

Israel's shepherd ! Thou wilt lead us
Comfort's living streams beside ;
There in pastures green wilt feed us,
And for all our wants provide ;
Happy they who hear thy voice,
And beneath thy staff rejoice.

From the great destroyer's power,

From the roaring lion's rage,

Seeking whom he may devour,

Lord protect our tender age ;

Day and night be near us still,

Guarding us from every ill.

From the arts that would allure us,

From the toils that would ensnare,

Thou, who slumberest not, secure us

By thy ever-watchful care ;

And, if e'er from Thee we roam,

Fetch, oh fetch, the wanderer home.

And at last, our perils ended,

Take us to that blessed fold,

Where the flock Thou here hast tended,

Shall in Heaven thy face behold,

And with hymns of praise adore,

Christ, their shepherd, evermore.

HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

WHEN first God's word to Samuel came
Calling his chosen child by name,
Prompt and obedient to the word,
He quickly learnt to know the Lord,
And, faithful from his earliest years,
"Speak Lord," he cried, "thy servant hears."

Like that good servant of thy choice,
Lord teach us too to know thy voice ;
And, when within these hallowed walls
That voice to us each Sabbath calls,
With spirit meek, and heart sincere,
Give us, thy children, grace to hear.

If, when the tempter shall essay
To draw our heedless youth astray,
Some still small voice, our hearts within,
Shall softly whisper, "flee the sin",
That solemn warning let us fear;
'Tis God who speaks, and we must hear.

Oft as thy table shall be spread,
And Thou, whose blood for all was shed,
E'en us hereafter shalt invite
To share that sweet and holy rite;
May we, in humble faith, draw near,
Nor e'er in vain thy bidding hear.

So, when life's closing scene is nigh,
And soon or late with sudden cry
To meet the Bridegroom we are called;
In that dread moment unappalled,
With Faith's bright lamp our souls to cheer,
The awful summons we shall hear.

HYMN

FOR THE OPENING OF WHEELOCK CHURCH, CHESHIRE.

Aug. 30, 1837.

WILT Thou indeed vouchsafe, oh Lord,
Within these humble courts to dwell,
In gorgeous Salem once adored
The mighty God of Israel?
Sure Thou, whose spirit fills all space,
These narrow limits wilt disdain,
Thou whom e'en Heaven thy dwelling place,
The Heaven of Heavens may not contain!

Yet Thou hast said, where two or three
Are met together in thy name,
Thou in the midst of them wilt be;—
Thy parting promise, Lord, we claim :
And oh, when to the throne of grace
Our prayers and praises hence shall rise,
Hear Thou from heaven thy dwelling place,
Nor scorn the simple sacrifice !

When here on bended knee we fall,
With contrite hearts our sins confess,
And on thy holy spirit call,
To aid us in our helplessness ;
Then turn not from us, Lord, thy face,
In whose blest light alone we live ;
But from yon heaven, thy dwelling place,
Look down in mercy, and forgive !

When here thy holy word is read,
Teach us its truth and power to feel ;
And when thy blessed board is spread,
Oh ! make us worthy there to kneel.

In every act still give us grace

To please Thee in this House of Prayer,

Till Thou to Heaven, thy dwelling place.

Shalt bid us come, and serve Thee there.

DOMESTIC.

TO MY WIFE.

HERE, mid the friendly quiet of these shades,
Whose scenes remote no worldly care invades,
Where the calm soul, while all around inspires
Pure joy and peace, within itself retires,
Like some lone miser, o'er its bliss to brood,
And undisturbed sum up its store of good ;
With time to think, and leisure to be wise,
Here my full happiness I feel and prize ;
Wife of my bosom ! Nor wilt thou too fail
With grateful voice this hallowed morn to hail.
Four happy years, since this auspicious day
Our union sealed, have swiftly passed away ;
Yet in no transient pleasures have they flown.
But rich in blessings which are still our own.

By me at least of all the circling year
Well may this morn be held supremely dear ;
Well may my bosom with such transports glow,
Conscious how much of bliss to it I owe.
For thou art mine ; but when I daily see
Thy noble gifts devoted all to me,
My wishes all preferred before thy own,
And all thy tastes conformed to mine alone ;
See thee for me the world's attractions scorn,
And those gay scenes thou wouldst so well adorn ;
And here content, without a wish to roam,
Place all thy happiness in me and home ;
Such love unbounded, in despair I say,
How can I e'er deserve, or how repay ?
My grateful bosom would, but cannot, speak ;
Oh then believe, although my words be weak,
And these poor lines but feebly can express
How much I feel, I do not feel the less.

When He, the sovereign Lord of life and light,
Just though mysterious in his ways, my sight
With dim suffusion veiled, e'en then I felt
And owned the chastening blow in mercy dealt ;

Yes, even then wert thou designed to be,
Thou best of women, more than sight to me.
If great my loss, Heaven's bounty was as great,
For thou wert given that loss to compensate ;
And all those gentle aids by thee employed
With ceaseless love so well supply the void,
That, half in doubt if void there yet be left,
I oft inquire, of what am I bereft ?
My friend, companion, monitress, and guide,
At home, abroad, my happiness, my pride ;
Thou dearest creature e'er on man bestowed,
To strew with flowers life's long and chequered road ;
Oh mayst thou still upon my steps attend,
My guardian angel, to my journey's end !

Be mine the while, whene'er returning May
With new-blown hawthorn crowns this festal day,
In simple numbers unadorned with art,
To pour the tribute of a faithful heart ;
And, though I ne'er may merit, strive to prove
At least I know the value of thy love.

Bradwall, May 24th, 1825.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF MAY.

WHAT, here again, good twenty-fourth of May !

Not that I e'er can see thee with regret,

But, since in pleasant Bradwall last we met,

It seems to me but as the other day ;

So rapidly the year has rolled away.

And, sooth to speak, by various causes let,

Thou find'st me unprepared to pay my debt,

The promised tribute of an annual lay ;

But, wouldst thou kindly condescend to stay

Thy flight an instant, I will pay thee yet.

How much I owe thee I can ne'er forget,

And still I love my lawful debts to pay :—

Now count my lines, I'll stake my credit on it,

You'll find fourteen ; and fourteen make a sonnet.

TO MY WIFE

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY WEDDING DAY.

ANOTHER year its course has run ;

And on this happy day,

Struggling through clouds, once more the sun

Has shed its genial ray.

For still all other days above

This morn shall ever shine ;

This day first made thee mine, my love,

This day first made thee mine.

All uninvoked the ready muse

Takes up her wonted strain,

With joy the pleasing task renews,

And tunes the lyre again.

Her pledge impatient to redeem
She pours the rapturous line,
And hails, exulting in the theme,
The day which made thee mine.

What though no friends in social glee
My festive board surround,
Nor with libations full and free
The votive glass be crowned ;
Less pure would glow my bosom, fired
With wassail and with wine,
Than by the simple thought inspired—
This day first made thee mine.

'Tis said the gifts we dearly prize
When first they are our own,
Too oft unthankful we despise
By use familiar grown.
Yet think not thee I prize the less,
Or would for worlds resign;
No ! I can never cease to bless
The day which made thee mine.

And tho' since first I called thee mine

Six summers now are past ;

And fools to wedded bliss assign

A term which may not last ;

Think not that to my latest year

My love will e'er decline ;

No ! time will but the more endear

The day which made thee mine.

Unmingled good was ne'er bestowed

On Pilgrims here below ;

All must alike pursue their road

Through chequered weal and woe.

But thou wert given to cheer my way ;

Then will I ne'er repine,

But still draw comfort from that day

When first I called thee mine.

The dearest wife e'er sent by heaven

Unworthy man to bless,

The sweetest children ever given

To crown that happiness,

The happiest home love ever knew,—
These blessings all combine
To bid me hail with homage due
The day which made thee mine.

Since then so large a share of good
To this dear day I owe,
Well may my Soul with gratitude
To bounteous Heaven o'erflow :
And well all other days above
May this blest morn so shine ;
This day first made thee mine, my love,
This day first made thee mine.

May 24th, 1827.

SONNET.

As amid Afric's sandy wastes, the sight
Of green Oasis yields a sweet relief
To the spent traveller ; so, 'mid scenes of grief,
Where all has for a while been wrapt in night,
The spirit hails with joy one spot more bright,
Seeking from gloomy thought a respite brief,
And life's dark volume still has one fair leaf
To which fond memory turns with fresh delight.
To thee, and me, my love ! that radiant spot,
And that fair leaf is this auspicious day,
Which, or for good or ill, first linked our lot
In one :—Then let us, e'er it pass away,
Grateful confess, to it and Heaven we owe,
'Mid countless blessings else, our comfort too in woe.

May 24th, 1824

EVENINGS AT HOME.

I LOVE, for I have known and tried,
The joys which friendship can divide ;
The pleasures of the social board
To me a rich repast afford ;
Not that unworthy gross delight
Which springs from pampered appetite,
But that pure banquet of the mind
Where the light play of wit refined,
And conversation's sparkling flow,
And the raised spirits' generous glow,
Shed round the festive scene a charm
Which e'en the dullest soul might warm.

But yet to me more grateful far,
And sweeter beyond all compare,
The evenings of that dear, dear home,
From which my heart would never roam ;
With one beloved companion spent
In chastened joy and calm content,
All in one even tenour past,
And each as happy as the last.

Our frugal meal dispatched with speed,
To crown it no desert we need,
Save what our children best supply,
Themselves our highest luxury.
Yes, in their prattle and their play,
Their merry tongues and spirits gay,
There is a feast that never fails :—
Then come the oft repeated tales,
Which from its unexhausted stores
Their Mother's ample memory pours,
Of talking birds, and singing trees,
And Sindbad's travelled histories,

And whatsoe'er has else been told
Of wonderful, in days of old :
Enchanting all ; yet none surpass
That maiden's slipper, which of glass
Her fairy gossip wrought, and none
Thy cat, immortal Whittington.
But if perchance a call to bed
Cut short the imperfect story's thread,
The eager listners straight obey,
And at the summons bound away
Without a murmur, though with sorrow,
Compounding for the rest to-morrow.

But other pleasures now ensue,
For ever various ever new,
In some instructive volume found
To me, in mute attention bound,
By her made vocal ; on whose tongue
With fresh delight I still have hung ;
Its gentle tones distinct and clear
So sweetly meet the listening ear.
Nor idle lies her needle by

The while, but still its task doth ply ;
Beneath her eye the pattern grows,
The jasmin or the mimic rose ;
Unless some homelier work demand
The labour of her useful hand :
Unrivalled gift ! with perfect skill
Such twofold office to fulfill ;
As if, by some kind providence,
A double portion of that sense
Which is to me in part denied,
Were for my sake to her supplied.

Oh, how unbounded is their pleasure,
Whom Heaven has blest with taste and leisure.
If not profoundly to explore
The depths of philosophic lore,
Yet like the bee at large to stray,
And lightly o'er the surface play !
Stealing a sweet from every flower,
Which decks fair learning's varied bower.
So we, as fancy prompts us, chuse
The ancient or the modern muse ;

Now listen to some traveller's tale,
Now with some bold adventurer sail;
Thee, sober History, oft we woo,
Charming with interest ever new;
Or, more attractive still to me,
Thy handmaid sweet Biography;
Or haply thou mayst please us best
In novel-guise by fiction drest,
Such as of late thou hast been seen
Too oft with too seductive mien;
And, if yon Wizard of the North
Have sent again his spirit forth,
As now, to fascinate once more
The world so often charmed before,
With transports which no words may tell,
We yield us to the witching spell.

Yet may we not forget to turn,
Admonished by the bubbling urn,
To where those cups our leisure wait,
"Which cheer but not inebriate,"

Grateful at once to scent and taste ;
We linger o'er the loved repast,
And still, with sweet discourse between,
Quaff the delicious draught serene.

Nor seldom, ere our evening end,
Variety's sweet charms to blend,
To music's captivating power
We dedicate the closing hour :
Whether my humour more incline
To Handel's lofty strain divine,
Or learn'd Corelli better please,
Or Haydn's enchanting harmonies,
Or Graun sublime, or Purcell bold,
Or he whose magic numbers hold
O'er every chord that sways the heart
Resistless empire—great Mozart.

And ever, ere we seek repose,
With solemn rite our day we close,
And with humility profound,
Our little household gathered round,

To the great Author of all good
We bend in holy gratitude ;
And from whate'er by night might harm
Implore the shelter of His arm.

That evenings such as these are mine,
My own dear wife, the gift is thine ;
And, since to me such first were known,
This day, eight happy years have flown.
This day then will I ever bless,
From which I date such happiness ;
This day by me shall ne'er be past
Unsung, unhonoured ; till at last,
Tired with its oft repeated chime,
Thou bid me cease the endless rhyme.

May 24th, 1829.

ON THE SECOND BIRTHDAY OF J. H. L.

DEAR mother of my darling boy,
For him you ask the lay,
And bid me with a song of joy
Salute this happy day;
'Tis well! For can a fitter strain
A rhyming sire employ?
Then welcome, welcome, once again,
The birthday of my boy!

Since first those laughing eyes of his
Exulted in the light,
Two years of calm domestic bliss
Have winged their rapid flight

And oh ! if earthly happiness
Is e'er without alloy,
'Tis then, my love, when we caress
Our first-born darling boy.

Yes ! when that noble mien, that eye
Intelligent we view,
That well-knit form's fine symmetry,
That fair cheek's healthful hue ;
And hear the music of that voice,
Each note awakening joy,
Well may our thrilling hearts rejoice,
In such a lovely boy.

To hear his lisping tongue combine,
Strange phrase in sweetest tone,
While, half by sound and half by sign,
He makes his meaning known ;
To mark, as he with bounding pace
Pursues some favourite toy,
Activity, and strength, and grace
United in our boy ;

Reflected in his features fair,
To trace his gentle mind ;
To see good humour smiling there,
With each affection kind ;
Each hour to watch new charms unfold ;—
These pleasures ne'er can cloy ;
Some thirst for honour, some for gold,
My treasure is my boy.

Should they who scoff at joys like these
The sportive mimic see
Invent a thousand ways to please,
With never failing glee ;
Now bold, and now affecting fear,
With playful archness coy ;
How would they check the cynic sneer,
And envy me my boy !

As with his gentle lips he presses
His infant sister's cheek,
And o'er her hangs with soft caresses,
And looks which fondness speak ;

Cold were that heart, which such pure sight
Of love could not enjoy ;
Think then how rapturous our delight,
Whose own is that sweet boy.

My child ! oh couldst thou ever be
Spotless, as now thou art ;
From sorrow and from care as free,
As pure, as gay of heart !
But, since to trouble all are born,
Since ills must all annoy,
And clouds may darken life's bright morn
Now opening on our boy ;

Hear, gracious Heaven, a father's prayer ;—
Be Thou his guardian still ;
In danger keep ; in sickness spare ;
And shield from every ill !
But chief in youth's more trying hour,
When pleasure's arts decoy,
And passions urge with headstrong power,
Protect our darling boy !

And if, as on our child we gaze,
Our hearts too proudly swell,
If our fond hopes too high we raise
For one we love so well;
Oh! let no blight of bitterness
Those visions quite destroy,
But ever give us cause to bless
The birthday of our boy!

Feb 14th, 1825.

SONNET

ON FIRST TAKING HIS ELDEST CHILD TO CHURCH.

LORD ! to thy hallowed courts when late I brought
My child, to learn how Thou wert worshipped there,
And marked him lift his little hands in prayer ;
And, in those holy words Thyself hast taught,
Amid the general murmur feebly caught
From time to time upon my listning ear
His gentle voice its part spontaneous bear ;
’Twas more than fancy, sure, that waked the thought,
The rapturous thought, that in the sacrifice
Which then ascended to the throne of Grace
My boy’s sweet orisons might find a place,
And mount like morning incense to the skies :
Grateful to Thee, who still dost strength ordain
From childhood’s guileless lips, and hearts that
know no stain.

October, 1827.

SONNET.

DEPARTED spirit of my darling child !

Watch, if blest spirits have such power, (for thou
Art sure a ministering Angel now,
From earthly taint all pure and undefiled,)

Watch o'er thy once loved parent, whispering mild
To his sad bosom peace, and teach him how
Submissive to the will of Heaven to bow.

And oh ! forgive, if in the transports wild
Of his first grief, he would have kept thee here,
In life's sweet prime so lovely and so dear ;
Yet in far other place than this, through Him
Who therefore called thee hence, more meet to
dwell,

And there to chaunt, 'mid choiring Cherubim.

Those hymns of praise thou lov'dst on earth so
well.

ON A YOUNG LADY

SINGING THE EVENING HYMN IN HER SLEEP, A SHORT
TIME BEFORE HER DEATH.

STRETCHED on the restless bed of pain,
To slow disease a prey,
Courting reluctant sleep in vain
The gentle sufferer lay.

The tedious night was well-nigh spent,
When o'er her weary soul,
As by some pitying angel sent,
A balmy slumber stole.

Still by that bed with tender care
The wakeful mother staid,
And poured to Heaven her secret prayer
For comfort and for aid.

When hark ! upon her startled ear,
Amid the deep repose
Of the still chamber, soft and clear
A vocal strain arose.

It was that melody divine
In which, at evening hour,
Their spirits pure the good consign
To Heaven's protecting power.

Yes ! from those lips, in slumber deep
Now sealed, the numbers came ;
As though not e'en the body's sleep
Could quench devotion's flame.

The mother heard, and knew it well
That sweet and solemn air;
But sad upon her heart it fell,
And filled it with despair.

To her of happier days gone by,
Of health and joy it spoke,
And of too faithful memory
Each thrilling chord awoke.

And then the thought, oft checked in vain,
Resistless on her rushed,
How soon the lips which poured that strain
For ever should be hushed.

With agony it wrung her soul,
And down her woe-worn cheek
The scalding tears began to roll,
Her heart seemed nigh to break.—

'Tis done ! the dreaded hour is past ;
Fond mother, weep no more !
The child is gone to rest at last,
Her trial here is o'er.

And now perhaps a seraph bright
She chants with saints above,
As erst on earth was her delight,
Her hymns of praise and love.

EPISTLE TO MY FATHER, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Dec. 29, 1829.

THO' thou, our Patriarch Host, art far away,
Whose wont it was, on this returning day,
Year after year to spread the festal board
With each rich offering of the season stored,
And gather round thee many a joyous guest,
Kindred and friends, and all who loved thee best;
Yet shall the day not pass unhonoured by,
Nor good old use, by time half hallowed, die.
Still shall the festal board be spread, and still
Who love thee best their places there shall fill;
Still as of old the sparkling glass be crowned
With votive bumpers, and the wish go round
(By fervent lips pronounced from hearts sincere)
That health, and every blessing which can cheer

The gently sloping path of life's decline,
My dear, my honoured father, may be thine.

While thus, with social rites and festive mirth,
We hail the day that gave a parent birth,
How do our grateful hearts within us glow
Warm with the sense of what to thee we owe !
But not to us alone, the partial few
From whom such tribute first and chief is due,
Is the remembrance of thy worth confined ;
In many a heart besides it rests enshrined.
For thine the power to soften pain, to ease
And boldly grapple with each fierce disease,
To lengthen life, and mitigate, by skill
And kindness joined, the sum of human ill ;
Thine too no less that aspect all benign
Which beamed with tenderest sympathy, and thine
That cheerful voice which confidence bespoke,
And in the sufferer's sinking soul awoke
Hope, which itself half wrought the promised cure,
E'er art came in to make that promise sure.

Hence, in deep lines indelibly impressed,
Thy memory lives in many a faithful breast,
And long shall live, to every rank endeared,
By high and low still honoured and revered.
But chief the poor thy virtues shall proclaim,
And grateful bless their good Physician's name.
Oft, as they pass thy once loved threshold by,
"This was his dwelling," they shall say and sigh,
"(Would it were yet so!) who ne'er closed his door,
"When sickness sought admittance, on the poor;
"For us he still employed his noble art,
"His sole reward his own approving heart.
"Yet One there is who from His place above
"Marks every act of charity and love;
"He saw, and shall requite the generous deed
"Done to Himself, when done to those in need."

Meanwhile to Bradwall's peaceful shades retired,
Blest with that calm thy soul has long desired,
To thee perhaps the busy past may seem
The transient vision of a troubled dream;

No more in pent-up chariot, as of old,
From morn to eve o'er rattling pavement rolled,
No more condemned the same sad round to go,
Day after day, of sickness and of woe,
And draw with pain a suffocating breath
In chambers tainted with disease and death
Methinks I see thee now at early dawn,
Pacing with active step thy favorite lawn,
To tell thy flock, if haply all be there,
And breathe the freshness of the morning air.
Then o'er the distant fields I see thee stride
With gun in hand, and setter at thy side,
To seek the wild duck at the pool, or wake
The whirring pheasant from the rustling brake.
Or, should the recent gale a chance supply
On woodcock rare thy skill once more to try.
Another triumph shall thy brows adorn,
And a third trophy crown the lucky morn.

But other objects now thy care demand :
Nor wilt thou deem an hour misspent, to stand

And watch thy labourers, as beneath thine eye
With cheerful toil the task assigned they ply.
Whether it be some stagnant pool to drain,
And spread the rich deposit o'er the plain;
Or level some old hedge, or raise a new,
And bid the fence a better line pursue;
Or thro' some crowded copse to force a way,
And on the smothered saplings let the day,
Weed out the worthless, the more worthy spare,
And give them room to breathe a freer air.
How sweet the while, where'er thy footsteps tread,
Where'er thou view'st the landscape round thee
 spread,
'To feel (and who the feeling shall arraign?)
'Thyself the master of the wide domain;
No thriftless heir, by partial fortune spoiled,
Of house and lands, for which another toiled,
For every rood of land thou call'st thine own
Indebted to thyself and bounteous Heaven alone.

Oft arm in arm with her, who still has been
'Thy best companion thro' life's chequered scene,

With sauntering steps my fancy sees you stray
To where yon smiling cottage skirts the way ;
Along whose walls the pyracanthus spread
In winter garlands hangs its berries red ;
There pause awhile the pleasing sight to scan,
Then entering, ask how fares the good old man ;
And how he bears the rigour of the year,
And if he lacketh aught, his age to cheer ?
And draws our good Corycius towards his end ?
Ah me ! could wish of mine his days extend,
The hundredth year his lengthened life should
crown
Ere to the grave his silver locks went down !

But, should the lowering skies forbid to roam,
As swiftly fly the busy hours at home ;
While, with the love of ancient learning fired,
Like classic Fox of public faction tired,
You find in studies, dear indeed of yore,
A charm and interest never felt before ;
Pleased to retrace, now free from all alloy,
The well remembered lessons of the boy.

Whether on Ilion's bard your strength you try,
Or better pleased with gentle Tityrus, lie
Beneath the spreading beech, and hear his reed
To pastoral song attuned, or martial deed ;
Or warmed by Juvenal's indignant strain,
Loathe, more than ever, luxury's baneful reign,
And, more than ever, in the virtuous choice
That bade thee quit our modern Rome rejoice.
Nor wilt thou e'er thy best-loved task omit,
To search the hidden stores of Sacred Writ,
Pure as from holy penmen first it came,
And light at Learning's lamp Devotion's flame ;
To trace of word or phrase the genuine force,
Lost by transmission, upwards to its source ;
Draw forth each beauty, each dark passage clear,
And be thyself thy own interpreter.

Dear honoured parent, 'mid pursuits like these.
In active leisure, and in studious ease,
May the calm evening of thy well-spent day,
Like some smooth current, gently glide away.—
And oh ! whene'er this happy day comes round,
May it still find thee as it now hath found,

Blest with whate'er can make retirement sweet,
And shed a charm around thy loved retreat;
One dear companion, that retreat to share,
Enhance each comfort and divide each care;
Health, and the means and spirits to enjoy
Those simple pleasures which can never cloy;
With that best gift of Heaven, a cheerful mind,
To every change that time may bring resigned;
Content on earth mixed good and ill to prove,
In the strong hope of perfect bliss above.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A FRAGMENT IN IMITATION OF POPE.

So, (if great things may be compared with small,)
Some drowsy fiddler at a midnight ball,
Lulled by his own dull strains and well-marked
time

To sure returns of one expected chime ;
(While frequent draughts of potent ale conspire,
With late fatigue, to quell his minstrel fire,)
Feels o'er each sense a growing stupor creep,
Till his closed eyelids sink at last in sleep ;—
Yet ceases not the strain,—the unwearied sound
With method just prolongs its measured round ;
For still, impelled by habit's mighty sway,
The tuneful dreamer plays or seems to play ;
Just to each string his practised fingers rove,
And his curved elbow moves, as wont to move ;
The restless fiddlestick still plays its part,
'True to the precepts of its master's art ;
'Th' unconscious crowd applaud the sprightly tone,
And the man 's praised for quavers not his own.

FRAGMENT OF A MORAL EPISTLE.

I KNOW there are to whom the world appears
To grow in folly as it grows in years ;
Who think each age finds out, in crime more bold,
New modes of sinning, or improves the old.
Let the just Muse give praise where praise is due,
So shall she seem to blame with justice too ;
One vice at least has this our age redrest :
Oh could our age as well reform the rest !

Time was, when fashion's fools would almost
loathe

The poor dull soul, who spoke without an oath :
Mere affirmation could not credence gain ;

Would you seem serious, take God's name in vain ;

Oaths mark'd in repartee the lucky hit,
Embellish'd narrative, and pointed wit.
Nor epithets could strength or grace bestow,
Which were not summon'd from the realms below,
Through all discourse the impious folly ran,
Till swearing formed the finished gentleman.

Now, without blasphemy may men converse,
Nor need, for talk, themselves or neighbours curse.
The vulgar vice may still our ears appal,
Where draymen jostle, and where drunkards brawl ;
But if, in better scenes, by use grown strong,
It still maintains some empire o'er the tongue,
Oh ! let the laws of polished life prevail,
And fashion work a change where precepts fail !

Feb. 22nd, 1826.

THE BANISHED TEA-TRAY'S COMPLAINT.

AND is my doom resolved ? and am I chased,
A wretched exile, from the board I graced ?
And could not all my worth a respite gain,
And twice ten years of service, borne in vain ?
Fond hope ! that such weak pleas could e'er pre-
vail,

When e'en the tears of fair Eliza fail !
Say, by what crime have I such fate deserved ?
In what sad instance from my duty swerved ?
Have I, unconscious of adhesive lard,
Soiled the fair napkin I was meant to guard ?
Or, faithless to the precious charge I bore,
Dashed the frail china to the ruthless floor ?
Such monstrous novelties has fashion wrought ;
An honest servant banished for no fault !

Was it for this, the cunning artist's hand
The graceful oval shaped, and then japanned ?
For this, with antic pencil did he trace
The Indian landscape o'er my polished face ?
Oh, had I been ignoble paper still,
Unshaped, unpolished by the workman's skill,
And in inglorious safety happier far,
Or lined a trunk, or capped a sweetmeat jar !
Alas how changed ! with silver vases crowned,
And painted porcelain ranged in order round,
True to my post I waited on the fair,
And each returning sun beheld me there :
Now in some corner am I rudely thrown,
Or reared on kitchen shelf in secret moan :
There, as I lay and wailed my hapless fate,
(My yet unfinished woes to aggravate,)
I heard the supercilious cook-maid say,
" Thomas, we will not breakfast from a tray."—
So servants act their lord's caprices o'er,
And spurn the dog their masters spurned before.
But oh, if woes like mine admit relief,
Thoughts of revenge shall mitigate my grief ;

May all the ills that tea-tables torment
Come and requite my unjust banishment !
May buttered toast in greasy streams distil ;
May some unlucky hand the cream-jug spill ;
May half-boiled eggs their broken sides o'erflow,
And leave their yellow vestiges below ;
'The urn's ill-fitted tap ne'er cease to drop ;
And coffee, from the biggin's gaping top,
O'er the white damask pour its sable rills.
And the swoln washtub swell the weekly bills :
The unprotected board be pierced with stains,
And odious circles mock the footman's pains.

ODE TO DEAFNESS.

FELL tyrant of the human head,
Relax thy rigid chain,
That holds fast bound in link of lead
At once my ear and brain !
To brute Stupidity allied,
Sure, Deafness, thou wert born of Pride ;
'Twas she, I ween, that doomed the fall
Of lank locks puritanical ;
Thought curls, forsooth, too priggish ; wigs too grave ;
Then with unsparing shears
Laid bare her votaries' ears,
And robbed them of the shield which prudent Nature
gave.

Say, Deafness ! by what magic sleight

Thou steal'st away our sense,

And at the mind's best entrance quite

Shut'st out intelligence ?

Do unseen gnomes, at thy command,

At the ear's portals take their stand ;

And, as they watch the concave round,

Intercept the coming sound ?

Or waxen globules, packed in close array,

As vulgar quacks pretend,

Their viscous influence blend,

Obstruct the expected voice, and clog it on its
way ?

Or say, quick summoned to thy aid,

Do noxious vapours come ;

And, as each fibre they pervade,

Unbrace the tympanum ?

Or frosts, obedient to thy call,

The auditory nerves enthrall ;

Or the rude winds, whistling by,

Spoil the nice machinery ;

Or damps collected through each secret pore,
As inwardly they gush,
In wild confusion rush,
Hiss through the troubled head, and like a cataract
 roar ?

Oh Deafness !—whencesoe'er thy power,
Whate'er thy secret be,
Restore me to the social hour,
Clear sense, and converse free ;
And take again the moping mood,
The tale, the jest half-understood,
The misplaced laugh, the unmeaning eye,
The question cross, the wrong reply,
Shouts spent in air, and repetitions vain :—
Fell tyrant of the head,
Relax thy link of lead,
And give to liberty my captive soul again !

TO MY TOOTH.

FAREWELL, my tooth ! but oh ! ere yet we part,
(Vile as thou seem'st, and useless as thou art,)
I pause to think, though thy brief course be run
And mine still lasts, how lately we were one.
Bone of my bone, whate'er to thee gave pain
Glanced like an arrow darting through my brain,
Each nerve with sympathetic anguish thrilled,
And all my shuddering frame with horror filled :
Bitter or sweet, through thrice ten years of life
One common lot we had, like man and wife ;
At the same board, at home, abroad, we fed,
The costly banquet shared, or daily bread.

But ah ! nor daily bread, nor banquet rare,
Henceforth with me, good grinder, shalt thou share.
For thee no more the savoury haunch shall smoke,
Nor tempting turtle thy dull sense provoke ;
No more, oh bliss ecstatic ! shalt thou lie
In partridge wing engulphed, or woodcock's thigh ;
No more shalt water, as when erst in reach
Glowed the rich neet'rine or alluring peach ;
But, all thy revels o'er, thyself be cast
A dainty morsel to the worm at last.

But even-handed justice why arraign ?
If dead to pleasure, thou art dead to pain.
Thee from keen blasts thy fate shall now preserve.
And the cold stream, poured heedless on thy nerve ;
Ne'er shalt thou feel sharp springes through thee
shoot,
Nor the fierce throb, still tugging at thy root ;
From hostile hand receive no buffet rude,
Nor, set on edge, resent the codling crude ;
Nor, mid plum-pudding, too securely rash,
Against some lurking pebble blindly dash ;

As ships in unknown seas, with sudden shock.
Strike, split, and foundered on some hidden rock.

But thee, my tooth, no fatal violence,
Seen or unseen, untimely hurried hence ;
Whether some parent fond, to thwart thee loth,
With cankering sweetmeats sapped thy early growth :
Or whether, as with all things else on earth,
Corruption's seed sprang with thee at thy birth ;
Like some fair maid, consumption's lingering prey,
Long had I marked thee waste by slow decay :
Then ineffectual proved all human skill
To stay the progress of the growing ill ;
Vain each nice art to great Ruspini known,
Vain e'en thy magic waters, famed Cologne ;
Then cures infallible mendacious failed,
Nor powders, drops, nor essences availed,
Nor antiseptic nor narcotic drug,
Nor that great last resource, the golden plug ;—
The golden plug awhile prolonged thy date,
But gold itself must yield at last to fate,

Fate, before whom e'en mightiest monarchs bow ;
Then why lament? Ah well, my tooth, might'st
thou.

Yet did my fostering care through many a year
Preserve thee still, in weakness doubly dear ;
As mothers love their sickliest children most,
Of those less tender who more vigour boast.
What though thy feeble frame I might not trust
In dubious conflict with some veteran crust,
Or the brown nut, impregnable of shell ;
Yet still, my honest stump, thou serv'dst me well,
The lighter labours of the board didst share,
And what thou couldst wert zealous still to bear.
But swifter now thy wasting powers decayed,
Loose, and more loose, the nodding ruin swayed.
Yet did no terrors on thy fall attend,
No racking pains prognosticate thy end ;
No lancet marked the place with hideous gash ;
No torturing iron, with convulsive crash,
And horrid wrench, and agonizing pang,
Writhed from its socket thy tenacious fang ;

Nor gaping wound proclaimed, nor streaming gore,
Nor mangled jaw, the bloody business o'er.

'Twixt my fore-finger pressed, and gentle thumb,

Thou kindly parted'st from the yielding gum :

The unconscious tongue scarce found the vacant
spot,

Nor knew the world, till now, that thou art not.

October, 1820.

TRANSLATIONS.

DE SENE VERONENSI.

CLAUDIAN.

FELIX, qui patriis ævum transegit in agris ;
Ipsa domus puerum, quem videt ipsa senem ;
Qui, baculo nitens in quâ reptabat arenâ,
Uniûs numerat sæcula longa casæ.
Illum non vario traxit Fortuna tumultu,
Nec bibit ignotas mobilis hospes aquas.

THE OLD MAN OF VERONA.

FROM CLAUDIAN.

BLEST who beyond his fathers' fields
Through life has never cared to roam,
To whom the self-same roof still yields
From infancy to age a home.

Whose steps, upon that very spot
Where once he crawled, a staff now bears,
Fond to retrace of that one cot
The annals through a hundred years.

In varied quest of distant schemes
Him fortune never forced to stray,
He never drank of unknown streams,
A restless wanderer far away.

Non freta mercator tremuit, non classica miles,
Non ranci lites pertulit ille fori ;
Indocilis rerum, vicinæ nescius urbis,
Aspectu fruitur liberiore poli.
Frugibus alternis, non consule computat annos ;
Autumnum pomis, ver sibi flore notat.
Idem condit ager soles, idemque reducit,
Metiturque suo rusticus orbe diem ;

No merchant, whom each swelling sea,
No soldier, whom each blast of war
Fills with alarm, no lawyer he
Vexed with the hoarse and wrangling bar

In state affairs he boasts no skill,
What cities are he never knew ;
Enough, that Heaven's blue concave still
Is free and open to his view.

Others by consuls date the year,—
He by alternate crops computes ;
He knows 'tis spring when flowers appear,
'Tis autumn when he culls his fruits.

One field is his horizon's bound,
Here dawns the sun, there sets his ray,
While, by the same unvaried round
Of toil, he measures every day.

Ingentem meminit parvo qui gramine quercum,
Æquævumque videt consenuisse nemus :
Proxima cui nigris Verona remotior Indis,
Benacumque putat Littora Rubra lacum.
Sed tamen indomitæ vires, firmisque lacertis
Ætas robustum tertia cernit avum.
Erret, et extremos alter scrutetur Iberos ;
Plus habet hic vitæ, plus habet ille viæ.

Yon spreading oak's enormous girth
A slender sapling he has known,
Both from one era took their birth,
And both together old have grown.

Verona's neighbouring town he deems
Remote as swarthy India's shore,
And Guarda's lake so distant seems,
Not the Red sea itself seems more.

Yet hath his vigour time defied,
Still can his arm in toil engage ;
While his son's sons behold with pride
Their lusty grandsire's green old age.

What then if some, the world to see,
To fair Iberia may have strayed :
On earth a longer sojourn he,
A longer journey they have made.

IL CONTE UGOLINO.

DANTE. INFERNO, CANTO XXXIII.

LA bocca sollevò dal fiero pasto
Quel peccator, forbendola a' capelli
Del capo ch' egli avea dietro guasto :
Poi cominciò : tu vuoi ch' i' rinnovelli
Disperato dolor che 'l cuor mi preme
Già pur pensando, pria ch' i' ne favelli.
Ma se le mie parole esser den seme,
Che frutti infamia al traditor ch' i' rodo.
Parlare e lagrimar vedrai insieme.
I' non so chi tu sie, nè per che modo
Venuto se' qua giù : ma l'iorentino
Mi sembri veramente, quand' i' t' odo.
Tu de' saper ch' i' fu 'l conte Ugolino,
E questi l' arcivescovo Ruggieri,
Or ti dirò perch' i' son tal vicino.

THE STORY OF THE COUNT UGOLINO.

DANTE, INFERNO, XXXIII.

From his foul feast that sinner raised his head,
And wiped his blood-stained lips upon the hair
Which crowned the mangled scalp on which he fed.
“Would’st thou renew that anguish and despair,”
He cried, “which but to think of makes me quail
Ere yet my tongue the dreadful truth declare :
Yet, could I hope my words would aught avail,
This traitorous wretch with infamy to brand,
Despite my struggling tears I’d tell my tale.
I know not whom thou art, nor understand
How to this place thou cam’st ; but if aright
I hear, fair Florence is thy native land.
Know then that I, Count Ugolino hight ;
This, he who late the church of Pisa swayed ;
Why now such bitter foes I will recite.

Che per l' effetto de' suo' ma' pensieri

Fidandomi di lui io fossi preso,

E poscia morto, dir non è mestieri.

Però quel che non puoi avere inteso,

Cioè, come la morte mia fu cruda,

Udirai e saprai se m' ha offeso.

Breve pertugio dentro da la muda,

La qual per me ha 'l titol de la Fame,

E 'n che conviene ancor ch' altrui si chiuda,

M' avea mostrato per lo suo forame

Più lune già, quand' i' feci 'l mal sonno

Che del futuro mi squarciò 'l velame.

Questi pareva a me maestro e donno

Cacciando 'l lupo e i lupicini al monto

Perche i Pisan veder Lucca non ponno.

Con cagne magre, stüdiöse e conte,

Gualandi con Sismondi e con Lanfranchi

S'avea messi dinanzi da la fronte.

In picciol corso mi pareano stanchi

Lo padre e i figli, e con l' agute scane

Mi parca lor veder fender li fianchi.

Quando fui desto innanzi la dimane,

How by his wicked arts I was betrayed,
And mine own misplaced confidence, then died
His captive, all men know, nor need be said.
But that, which mystery still and darkness hide,
The horrors of that death which I endured
Hear, and if causeless be my hate, decide.
Thro' the small grate, whose bars that cell secured
Which shall from me the name of Famine gain,
Where many a victim yet shall be immured,
Oft had I watched the pale moon wax and wane;
When a dire dream the veil of fate withdrew,
And shewed the fearful future all too plain.
This man, so dreamed I, did a wolf pursue
And his poor cubs e'en to that mountain's base
Which shuts out Lucca from the Pisans' view.
Gaunt were his hounds and keen, of noble race,
Gualandi and Sismondi, and with these
Lanfranch', were foremost in the cruel chase.
Their rage in vain the hunted father flees,
In vain the sons; they soon o'ertake their prey.
And on their flank with fang remorseless seize.
With horror I awoke, ere yet 'twas day,

Pianger senti' fra 'l sonno i miei figliuoli
Ch' eran con meco, e dimandar del pane.
Ben se' crudel, se tu già non ti duoli
Pensando ciò ch' al mio cor s' annunziava ;
E se non piangi, di che pianger suoli ?
Già eran desti, e l' ora s' appressava
Che 'l cibo ne soleva esser addotto,
E per suo sogno ciascun dubitava,
Ed io senti' chiavar l' uscio di sotto
A l' orribile torre : ond' io guardai
Nel viso a' miei figliuoi senza far motto :
I' non piangeva, sì dentro impetrai :
Piangevan elli ; ed Anselmuccio mio
Disse : tu guardi sì, padre : che hai ?
Però non lagrimai, nè rispos' io
Tutto quel giorno, nè la notte appresso,
Infin che l' altro sol nel mondo uscìo.
Com' un poco di raggio si fu messo
Nel doloroso carcere, ed io scorsi
Per quattro visi il mio aspetto stesso ;
Ambo le mani per dolor mi morsi :

And heard my children from their troubled sleep
(For with me there immured my children lay)
Demanding bread. If thou a dry eye keep,
Yet think the while on all that then assailed
My boding heart; say what can make thee weep?
They woke; and, now the hour which ne'er had failed
To bring us food drew nigh, strange doubt and
dread
Came over each, so strong our dreams prevailed.
But when the door which to our turret led
I heard fast locked, with stedfast gaze I eyed
My children's looks, but not a word I said.
I wept not, for my soul was petrified;
But they did weep, and "Oh! my father, why,
Why look'st thou so?" my dear Anselmo cried.
Yet did I shed no tear, nor make reply.
So passed the dreadful day, and so the night,
Until the sun again in heaven was high.
'Then, when my cell a ray of struggling light
Had entered, and my own dire looks I saw
Given back from four sad aspects to my sight.
My hands with anguish I began to gnaw;

E quei pensando ch' i' 'l fessi per voglia
Di manicar, di subito levorsi,
E disser : padre, assai ci fia men doglia
Se tu mangi di noi : tu ne vestisti
Queste misere carni, e tu le spoglia.
Quetámi allor per non fargli più tristi :
Quel dì e l' altro stemmo tutti muti :
Ahi dura terra, perchè non t' apristi ?
Posciachè fummo al quarto dì venuti,
Gaddo mi si gittò disteso a' piedi,
Dicendo : padre mio, che non m' ajuti ?
Quivi morì : e, come tu mi vedi,
Vid' io cascar li tre ad un' ad uno
Tra 'l quinto dì e 'l sesto : ond' i' mi diedi
Già cieco a brancolar sovra ciascuno,
E tre dì gli chiamai, poich' e' fur morti :
Poscia, più che 'l dolor, potè 'l digiuno.

Which they misdeeming hunger's shameless deed,
Started in horror from their bed of straw,
And cried, "On us, dear father, wouldst thou feed
Less grief it were: with flesh thou didst invest
These wretched limbs; now strip them in thy need."
To soothe their feelings I my own suppress;
Two days we stood in speechless agony; [rest!
Oh! that the earth had yawned, and spared the
But when the fourth morn came, with feeble cry
His body at my feet poor Gaddo threw,
Exclaiming, "Help me, father, or I die!"
And then expired. As plain as me you view,
I saw them all fall senseless, one by one,
Ere yet the sixth day dawned; then blind I grew,
And two days more the corpse of each dear son
With groping arms I felt and called by name:
Till at the last what grief had left undone
Famine achieved, and death in pity came.

TASSO, GERUSALEMME LIBERATA.

CANTO PRIMO.

II.

O MUSA, tu che di caduchi allori
Non circondi la fronte in Elicona,
Ma su nel cielo infra i beati cori
Ai di stelle immortali aurea corona ;
Tu spira al petto mio celesti ardori,
Tu rischiara il mio canto, e tu perdona
S' intesso fregi al ver, s' adorno in parte
D' altri diletти, che de' tuoi, le carte.

III.

Sai che là corre il mondo, ove più versi
Di sue dolcezze il lusinghier Parnaso ;
E che 'l vero condito in molli versi,
I più schivi, allettando, à persuaso.
Così all' egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi
Di soavi licor gli orli del vaso :

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO I.

II.

MUSE, whom no fabled Helicon inspires,
Whose brows are with no fabled laurels bound,
But thou, who sitt'st among the angelic choirs
In heaven's high courts, with starry glory crowned,
Oh ! fill my bosom with celestial fires ;
Nor blame the bard, if haply he be found
Some flowers of fancy with the truth to twine,
And grace his song with other charms than thine.

III.

The world, thou know'st, by those is easiest led
Who poesy's seductive arts employ ;
And oft o'er truths severe sweet numbers shed
Charms which the most reluctant hearts decoy.
So the cup's margin we with honey spread,
Tendering loathed med'cine to some wayward boy ;

Succhi amari, ingannato, intanto ei beve ;
E dall' inganno suo vita riceve.

IV.

Tu, magnanimo Alfonso, il qual ritogli
Al furor di fortuna, e guidi in porto
Me peregrino errante, e fra scogli
E fra l' onde agitato e quasi assorto ;
Queste mie carte in lieta fronte accogli,
Che quasi in voto a te sacrate i' porto.
Forse un dì fia che la presaga penna
Osi scriver di te quel ch' or n' accenna.

V.

È ben ragion, (s' egli avverrà che 'n pace
Il buon popol di Cristo unqua si veda,
E con navi e cavalli al fero Trace
Cerchi ritor la grande ingiusta preda)
Ch' a te lo scettro in terra, o, se ti piace,
L' alto imperio de' mari a te conceda.
Emulo di Goffredo, i nostri carmi
Intanto ascolta, e t' apparecchia all' armi.

The bitter potion he unconscious drains,
And from the cheat new life and vigour gains

IV.

Oh, great and good of soul ! Alphonso ! thou
Whose arm first snatched from fortune's cruel hate
Me, the world's wandering outcast, long ere now
Whelm'd, but for thee, beneath the storms of fate :
My humble lay (oh, with auspicious brow
Accept the gift !) to thee I consecrate.
To thee 'tis due, and soon what now I dare
But darkly hint, I boldly shall declare.

V.

For should the day e'er come when peace shall join
In one consenting league each Christian land,
And Europe's monarchs shall again combine
To ravish from the fierce barbarian's hand
His ill got prey, the choice shall then be thine
To head her armies, or her fleets command.
Then let my song thy just protection claim,
Thou future rival of great Godfrey's fame.

GERUSALEMME LIBERATA.

CANTO TERZO.

I.

GIA l' aura messaggiera erasi desta
A nunziar che se ne vien l' Aurora.
Ella intanto s' adorna ; e l' aurea testa
Di rose colte in paradiso infiora :
Quando il campo, ch' all' arme omai s' appresta,
In voce mormorava alta e sonora,
E prevenía le trombe ; e queste poi
Dier più lieti e canori i segni suoi.

II.

Il saggio capitan con dolce morso
I desiderj lor guida e seconda ;
Che più facil saria svolger il corso
Presso Cariddi alla volubil onda,

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO III.

THE APPROACH TO THE HOLY CITY.

I.

AND now the breeze, swift harbinger of day,
Awakening, had announced the coming morn,
Whose golden tresses, dripping from the spray,
Fresh roses, culled in Paradise, adorn ;
When from the camp, ere yet the trumpet's bray
To arms had summoned, busy sounds were borne
Of preparation ; then the clarions woke.
And in clear tones their joyful signal spoke.

II.

Wise Godfrey sought with gentle hand to guide
That fiery ardour, which to check was vain ;
As soon might he control the boiling tide,
Which round Charybdis roars ; as soon restrain

O tardar Borea allor che scote il dorso

Dell' Apennino, e i legni in mare affonda.

Gli ordina, gl' incammina, e 'n suon gli regge

Rapido sì, ma rapido con legge.

III.

Ali à ciascuno al core, ed ali al piede ;

Nè del suo ratto andar però s' accorge.

Ma quando il sol gli aridi campi fiede

Con raggi assai ferventi, e in alto sorge,

Ecco apparir Gerusalem si vede !

Ecco additar Gerusalem si scorge !

Ecco da mille voci unitamente

Gerusalemme salutar si sente !

IV.

Così di naviganti audace stuolo

C'he mova a ricercar estranio lido,

E in mar dubbioso, e sotto ignoto polo

Provi l' onde fallaci, e 'l vento infido ;

S' al fin discopre il desiato suolo,

Lo saluta da lunge in lieto grido,

The storm which lashes Apennine's bleak side
And whelms the bark beneath the foaming main.
His ranks he marshals, and his march arrays,
And one sole will each eager movement sways.

III.

With wings, each foot, each bosom, zeal supplies,
While, of their speed unconscious, on they bound.
But when the sun had climbed the middle skies.
Cleaving with fervid ray the arid ground,
Jerusalem the straining eye espies !
And emulous, from every rank around,
Jerusalem a thousand hands point out !
Jerusalem ! a thousand voices shout.

IV.

So when some daring and adventurous crew
In quest of foreign regions spread the sail,
And long thro' seas unknown their way pursue
Struggling with treacherous wave, and adverse
gale :
If the long looked for land at last they view,
With joyful cry from far the place they hail,

E l' uno all' altro il mostra ; e intanto oblía
La noia e 'l mal della passata via.

V.

Al gran piacer che quella prima vista
Dolcemente spirò nell' altrui petto,
Alta contrizion successe, mista
Di timoroso e reverente affetto.
Osano appena d' innalzar la vista
Ver la città, di Cristo albergo eletto ;
Dove morì, dove sepulto fue,
Dove poi rivestì le membra sue.

VI.

Sommessi accenti e tacite parole,
Rotti singulti e flebili sospiri
Della gente che 'n un s' allegra e duole,
Fan che per l' aria un mormorio s' aggiri.
Qual nelle folte selve udir si suole,
S' avvien che tra le frondi il vento spiri ;
O quale infra gli scogli, o presso ai lidi,
Sibila il mar percosso in rauchi stridi.

And, each to other pointing out the shore,
Their perils past remember now no more.

V.

Such thro' the Christian host the joy which spread,
With such sweet transports every bosom glows.
But soon these raptures passed, and in their stead
Contrition deep and pious awe arose.
Now towards yon place they scarce dare lift the head
Which Jesus for his earthly dwelling chose ;
There too for man Himself to death he gave,
There rose again triumphant o'er the grave.

VI.

Low muttered sounds, and voices half suppressed,
And quick convulsive sobs, and mournful sighs,
Betray the deep emotions of each breast,
And on the air in mingled murmur rise.
So, thro' some tangled wood, the breathing west
Amid the whispering foliage swells and dies :
So on the jutting cliffs and shelving shore,
In deep hoarse tone the sullen breakers roar.

VII.

Nudo ciascuno il piè, calca il sentiero ;

Che l' esempio de' duci ogni altro move.

Serico fregio o d' or, piuma o cimiero

Superbo, dal suo capo ognun rimuove ;

Ed insieme del cor l' abito altero

Depone, e calde e pie lagrime piove.

Pur, quasi al pianto abbia la via rinchiusa,

Così parlando ognun se stesso accusa :

VIII.

Dunque ove tu, Signor, di mille rivi

Sanguinosi il terren lasciasti asperso,

D' amaro pianto almen duo fonti vivi

In sì acerba memoria oggi io non verso ?

Agghiacciato mio cor, che non derivi

Per gli occhi, e stilli in lagrime converso ?

Duro mio cor, che non ti spetri e frangi ?

Pianger ben meriti ognor, s' ora non piangi.

VII.

With naked foot the holy ground they prest ;
Each by example of his chieftain led :
Gay silk, and gorgeous gold, tall plume and crest
They cast with lowly reverence from their head.
Nor less from secret pride did they divest
Their inward thoughts, and tears of anguish shed ;
And yet, as if their hearts to mourn refused,
With keen reproach themselves they thus accused :

VIII.

“ What, even here, where thine own precious blood
“ In ample stream, thou, Lord ! for me didst spill,
“ Shall I of tears begrudge a scantier flood ;
“ And shall my frozen heart, unsoftened still
“ By poignant memory, keep its stubborn mood,
“ Nor thro’ mine eyes in bitter drops distil ?
“ Melt, melt, my flinty soul, while yet you may ;
“ Eternal sorrow flee, and weep to-day !”

GERUSALEMME LIBERATA.

CANTO QUARTO.

IX

TARTAREI numi, di seder più degni

Là, sovra il sole ond' è l' origin vostra ;

Che meco già dai più felici regni

Spinse il gran caso in questa orribil chiostra ;

Gli antichi altrui sospetti, e i fieri sdegni

Noti son troppo, e l'alta impresa nostra.

Or colui regge a suo voler le stelle,

E noi siam giudicati alme rubelle.

X.

Ed in vece del dì sereno e puro

Dell' aureo sol, degli stellati giri,

N' à qui rinchiusi in quest' abisso oscuro,

Nè vuol ch' al primo onor per noi s' aspiri.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO IV.

THE ADDRESS OF SATAN.

IX.

YE powers of Tartarus ! worthier far to reign
Above that sun whence flows our high descent :
Ye who with me from yonder happy plain
Thrust down, in dungeon horrible are pent ;
The tyrant's jealous hate and proud disdain
Ye know, our enterprise, and its event.
He now with sway despotic rules the sky,
Us rebels calls and dooms to infamy :

X.

And, in the place of day serene and pure,
Yon golden sun and all the starry choir,
Has fixed our lot in this abyss obscure ;
Nor must we more to our just rank aspire :

E poscia (ahi quanto a ricordarlo è duro !

Quest' è quel che più inaspra i miei martiri)

Ne' bei seggi celesti à l' uom chiamato,

L' uom vile, e di vil fango in terra nato.

XI.

Ne ciò gli parve assai ; ma in preda a morte,

Sol per farne più danno, il figlio diede.

Ei venne, e ruppe le tartaree porte,

E porre osò ne' regni nostri il piede ;

E trarne l' alme a noi dovute in sorte,

E riportarne al ciel sì ricche prede,

Vincitor trionfando ; e in nostro scherno

L' insegne ivi spiegar del vinto inferno.

XII.

Ma che rinnuovo i miei dolor parlando ?

Chi non à già le ingiurie nostre intese ?

E in qual parte si trovò, nè quando,

Ch' egli cessasse dall' usate imprese ?

Non più dessi all' antiche andar pensando,

Pensar dobbiamo alle presenti offese.

And then, (oh thought most painful to endure !

What on my burning head heaps coals of fire,)
Has called up Man, to share those blest abodes,
Vile, earth-born man, and made scarce less than gods :

XI.

All this too little seemed ; but, chief and worst,
To work us woe, has given to death a prey
His only Son : he came, hell's barriers burst,
Within our realms his ensign dared display,
And souls, of right our own, condemned, accurst,
To heaven, a glorious prize, bore hence away,
Triumphant conqueror, and proclaimed on high
Scornful o'er baffled hell his victory.

XII.

But why repeat our wrongs, our pains revive ?
To whom are these our injuries unknown ?
When did he not against our peace contrive,
And in what place has not his hate been shewn ?
Then be the past dismissed, and let us strive
To fix our thoughts on present ills alone ;

Deh ! non vedete omai come egli tenti
Tutte al suo culto richiamar le genti ?

XIII.

Noi trarrem neghittosi i giorni e l' ore,
Nè degna cura fia che 'l cor n' accenda ?
E soffrirem che forza ognor maggiore
Il suo popol fedele in Asia prenda ?
E che Giudea soggioghi ? e che 'l suo onore,
Che 'l nome suo più si dilati e stenda ?
Che suoni in altre lingue, e in altri carmi
Si scriva, e incida in novi bronzi e in marmi ?

XIV.

Che sian gl' idoli nostri a terra sparsi ?
Che i nostri altari il mondo a lui converta ?
Ch' a lui sospesi i voti, a lui sol arsi
Siano gl' incensi, ed auro e mirra offerta ?
Ch', ove a noi tempio non solea serrarsi,
Or via non resti all' arti nostre aperta ?
Che di tant' alme il solito tributo
Ne manchi, e in voto regno alberghi Pluto ?

Ah ! see you not 'tis now his aim and end
To force all nations at his shrine to bend ?

XIII.

And shall we then in sloth consume our hours
And our dull hearts to vengeance ne'er inflame ?
And shall his faithful people stretch their powers
Through Asia's clime with still increasing fame ?
Shall Salem bow to them her subject towers,
And, more and more diffused, their Master's name
Sound in new tongues ; and thro' the world be found
On brass recorded, and in song renowned ?

XIV.

Shall we behold our idols all o'erthrown ?
And men our altars to his service turn,
To him pay all their vows, to him alone
Bring precious gold, and myrrh, and incense burn ?
Shall they, where once our open temples shone,
Mock our fallen arts and feeble sceptre spurn ?
Of forfeit souls our wonted tribute fail,
And desolation thro' our realms prevail ?

XV.

Ah non fia ver ; che non sono anco estinti
Gli spirti in noi di quel valor primiero,
Quando di ferro e d' alte fiamme cinti
Pugnammo già contra il celeste impero.
Fummo (io nol nego) in quel conflitto vinti ;
Pur non mancò virtute al gran pensiero.
Ebbero i più felici allor vittoria ;
Rimase a noi d' invitto ardir la gloria.

XVI.

Ma perche più v' indugio ? Itene, o miei
Fidi consorti, o mia potenza e forze ;
Ite veloci, ed opprimete i rei,
Prima che 'l lor poter più si rinforze :
Prima che tutt' arda il regno degli Ebrei,
Questa fiamma crescente omai s' ammorze ;
Fra loro entrate ; ed in ultimo lor danno
Or la forza s' adopri, ed or l' inganno.

XVII.

Sia destin ciò ch' io voglio : altri disperso
Sen vado errando ; altri rimanga ucciso ;

XV.

Forbid it, Hell ! that spirit is not fled,
That pristine inborn spirit ne'er can die,
Which, armed with fire and sword, our legions led
Their strength with heaven's imperious lord to try.
Grant in the shock our host discomfited ;
Yet soared our valour and our daring high :
And, tho' to him the chance of victory fell,
Our's is the praise of courage nought can quell.

XVI.

But why detain you ? Go, my faithful band ;
Ye, to whose aid all strength and power I owe,
Go ; and with speed, ere yet their strong right hand
Become too mighty, crush the hated foe ;
Arrest this flame, ere through Judea's land
Spread far and wide beyond control it grow.
Leave nought untried their ruin to achieve ;
By force o'erwhelm them, or by fraud deceive.

XVII.

My will be fate ! let one self-exiled rove,
And one in private strife untimely die :

Altri in cure d' amor lascive immerso,

Idol si faccia un dolce sguardo e un riso :

Sia 'l ferro incontro al suo rettor converso

Dalla stuol ribellante e 'n se diviso :

Pera il campo e ruini, e resti in tutto

Ogni vestigio suo con lui distrutto.

This be entangled in the toils of love,
And make an idol of some laughing eye :
Others, a fiery band, let faction move
With rebel arms their leader to defy ;
Perish their camp, their place no more be seen.
And not a vestige tell they e'er had been !

May, 1825

GERUSALEMME LIBERATA.

CANTO QUARTO.

LXXXVI.

USA ogn' arte la donna, onde sia colto
Nelle sue rete alcun novello amante :
Nè con tutti, nè sempre un stesso volto
Serba, ma cangia a tempo atti e sembiente.
Or tien pudica il guardo in se raccolto ;
Or lo rivolge cupido e vagante :
La sferza in quegli, il freno adopra in questi,
Come lor vede in amar lenti, o presti.

LXXXVII.

Se scorge alcun che dal suo amor ritiri
L' alma, e i pensieri per diffidenza affrene,
Gli apre un benigno riso, e in dolci giri
Volge le luci in lui liete e serene :

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO IV

THE ARTS OF ARMIDA, THE ENCHANTRESS.

LXXXVI.

By countless arts, all-powerful to destroy,
Fresh lovers still within her toils she drew ;
For not towards all one mode did she employ,
But various as the hearts she would subdue.
From this she shrank, like one reserved and coy ;
On that a wandering glance lascivious threw ;
And now the spur she used, and now the rein,
To excite the slow to love, the quick restrain.

LXXXVII.

If one she marks who diffident retires,
Checking his thoughts with cold timidity,
With boldness him her gentle smile inspires,
And the soft roll of her voluptuous eye.

E così i pigri e timidi desiri

Sprona, ed affida la dubbiosa spene :

Ed, infiammando l' amorose voglie,

Sgombra quel gel che la paura accoglie.

LXXXVIII.

Ad altri poi, ch' audace il segno varca,

Scorto da cieco e temerario duce,

De' cari detti, e de' begli occhi è parca

E in lui timore e riverenza induce.

Ma fra lo sdegno, onde la fronte è carica,

Pur anco un raggio di pietà riluce :

Sì ch' altri teme ben, ma non dispera,

E più s' invoglia, quanto appar più altera.

LXXXIX.

Stassi talvolta ella in disparte alquanto

E 'l volto e gli atti suoi compone e finge

Quasi dogliosa ; e in fin su gli occhi il pianto

Tragge sovente, e poi dentro il respinge :

E con quest' arti a lagrimar intanto

Seco mill' alme simplicette astringe ;

Thus, while she stimulates his dull desires,
And bids him hope he may not vainly sigh,
The kindling heat of love's resistless dart
Dissolves the frost that binds his torpid heart.

LXXXVIII.

If some there were who passed decorum's bound,
Urged by that blind, rash guide, great Venus' son,
Towards such, of gracious words more sparing found,
A look commanding reverence she put on.
Yet from that brow severe, e'en while she frowned,
A ray of mingled pity sweetly shone ;
Hence, awed, they yet despaired not ; and their flame
The fiercer grew, the haughtier seemed the dame.

LXXXIX.

Now from the crowd would she withdraw apart,
And in her look a pensive sorrow feign,
And from her eye the sudden tear would start,
Which she as quickly would suppress again.
And thus to weep with her full many a heart
Mistrustless of her guile she would constrain ;

E in foco di pietà strale d' amore
'Tempra, onde pera a sì fort' arme il core.

XC.

Poi, sì come ella a quel pensier s' invola,
E novella speranza in lei si destea,
Ver gli amanti il piè drizza e le parole,
E di gioja la fronte adorna e veste;
E lampeggiar fa, quasi un doppio sole,
Il chiaro sguardo, e 'l bel riso celeste
Sulle nebbie del duolo oscure e folte,
Ch' avea lor prima intorno al petto accolte.

C.

Ma mentrè dolce parla, e dolce ride,
E di doppia dolcezza inebria i sensi,
Quasi dal petto lor l' alma divide,
Non prima usata a quei diletti immensi.
Ahi crudo Amor! ch' egualmente n' ancide
L' assenzio e 'l mel, che tu fra noi dispensi:
E d' ogni tempo egualmente mortali
Vengon da te le medicine e i mali.

Such powerful arms, such fatal weapons prove,
By pity pointed, the keen shafts of love.

XC.

Then would she seem from these sad thoughts to fly,
As if fresh hope within her breast had sprung ;
And turn her step, with new-born gaiety
Of words and aspect, towards the enamoured throng ;
As gleams the sunshine thro' the murky sky,
E'en so her heavenly smile its radiance flung
Athwart those clouds of sorrow dark and dense
Collected on her brow, and chased them thence.

•
C.

While thus she softly speaks and sweetly smiles,
The double charm intoxicates each sense,
And every bosom of its heart despoils
Unused before to rapture so intense.
Oh, cruel love, which equally beguiles,
Whether it gall or honey-dew dispense ;
The wound, the cure, must to its victims prove
Fatal alike, when both proceed from love.

CI.

Fra sì contrarie tempre, in ghiaccio e in foco,
In riso e in pianto, e fra paura e spene,
Inforsa ogni suo stato, e di lor gioco
L'ingannatrice donna a prender viene.
E s' alcun mai con suon tremante e fioco
Osa parlando d' accennar sue pene,
Finge, quasi in amor rozza e inesperta,
Non veder l'alma ne' suoi detti aperta.

CII.

Oppur le luci vergognose e chine
Tenendo, d' onestà s'orna e colora;
Sì che viene a celar le fresche brine
Sotto le rose onde il bel viso infiora;
Qual nell' ore più fresche e mattutine
Del primo nascer suo veggiam l'aurora;
E 'l rossor dello sdegno insieme n' esce
Con la vergogna, e si confonde e mesce.

CIII.

Ma se prima negli atti ella s' accorge
D' uom, che tenti scoprir l' accese voglie,

CI.

While various tempers thus, by frost and flame,
By smiles and tears, by fears and hopes are swayed,
With such disorder pleased, her cruel game
By turns on all the fair deceiver played.
But if with faltering tongue one dared to name
His passion, all unconscious seemed the maid,
As one in love's new ways unskilled and rude,
Who of such language nothing understood :

CII.

Or on the ground her bashful eyes she threw,
While maiden modesty her cheeks o'erspread,
Till 'mid the rose's all-involving hue
The lily fair was lost and hid its head.
Such in the fresh and early dawn we view,
Aurora blushing from 'Tithonus' bed.
Scorn too was in her look, and anger's flush
Confused and mingled with that virgin blush.

CIII.

If one there were whom she perceived intent
On apt occasion to declare his pain,

Or gli s' invola e fugge, ed or gli porge
 Modo onde parli, e in un tempo il ritoglie.
Così il dì tutto in vano error lo scorge
 Stanco, e deluso poi di speme il toglie.
Ei si riman qual cacciator ch' a sera
Perda alfin l' orma di seguìta fera.

CIV.

Queste fur l' arti, onde mill' alme e mille
 Prender furtivamente ella poteo ;
Anzi pur furon l' arme, onde rapille,
 Ed a forza d' amor serve le feo.
Qual meraviglia or fia, se l' fero Achille
 D' amor fu preda, ed Ercole, e Teseo,
S' ancor chi per Gesù la spada cinge
L' empio ne' lacci suoi talora stringe ?

Him she would now avoid, and now present
The chance he sought, then straight recall again ;
Till in the fruitless chase the day was spent,
And he had found his hopes and labours vain ;
Like weary hunter who, at close of day,
Has lost all traces of his long-sought prey.

CIV.

Such were the arts by which the beauteous Dame
Did, with nice skill, a thousand souls ensnare :
Such were the arms by which she overcame
And forced a thousand slaves her yoke to bear.
Who then shall Theseus, who Alcides blame,
Or Peleus' son, that they Love's victims were ;
Since e'en those heroes who for Jesus drew
The righteous sword all-conquering Love o'erthrew ?

GERUSALEMME LIBERATA.

CANTO XII.

LXIV.

MA ecco omai l' ora fatale è giunta,
Che 'l viver di Clorinda al suo fin deve :
Spinge egli il ferro nel bel sen di punta,
Che vi s' immerge, e 'l sangue avido beve ;
E la veste, che d' or vago trapunta
Le mammelle stringea tenera e leve,
L' empie d' un caldo fiume : ella già sente
Moirsi, e' l piè le manca egro e languente.

LXV.

Segue egli la vittoria, e la trafitta
Vergine, minnacciando, incalza e preme :
Ella, mentre cadea, la voce afflitta
Movendo, disse le parole estreme,

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO XII.

THE BAPTISM AND DEATH OF CLORINDA.

LXIV.

BUT now Clorinda to fate's stern arrest
Must yield : her hour is come ; life's debt is due !
With well-aimed thrust his weapon pierced her breast,
Sank deep within it, and her life blood drew.
The warm flood filled her gold-embroidered vest,
Whose soft light fold her bosom screened from view.
She felt the hand of death was on her laid,
Her staggering foot denied its wonted aid.

LXV.

He by the hopes of conquest urged along,
Impetuous on the wounded maiden pressed ;
She, as she fell, with faint and faltering tongue
Scarcely to her victor these last words addressed,

Parole ch' a lei novo un spirto ditta,
Spirto di fè, di carità, di speme :
Virtù ch' or Dio le infonde ; e se rubella
In vita fu, la vuole in morte ancella.

LXVI.

Amico, hai vinto ; io ti perdon : perdona
Su ancora, al corpo no, che nulla pave,
All' alma sì : deh per lei prega, e dona
Battesmo a me, ch' ogni mia colpa lave.
In queste voci languide risuona
Un non so che di flebile e soave,
Ch' al cor gli scende, ed ogni sdegno ammorza,
E gli occhi a lagrimar gl' invoglia e sforza.

LXVII.

Poco quindi lontan nel sen del monte
Scaturia mormorando un picciol rio :
Egli v' accorse, e l' elmo empìè nel fonte,
E tornò mesto al grande ufficio e pio.
Tremar sentì la man, mentre la fronte,
Non conosciuta ancor, sciolse e scoprio.

Words which a spirit in her heart new sprung
 (Of Faith, Hope, Love, the spirit) did suggest ;
 For so God willed, that she, who spurned the faith
 While living, should his handmaid prove in death.

LXVI.

“ Friend, thou hast conquered ; my forgiveness take ;
 Let me have thine ; I want no favour shewn
 This fearless body ; for my poor soul’s sake
 Pray thou, and give me Baptism, which alone
 May wash away my sins.” As thus she spake
 There was a plaintive sweetness in her tone
 Which sinks into his heart ; all anger dies,
 And tears, despite the warrior, fill his eyes.

LXVII.

With gentle murmur from a neighbouring hill
 A streamlet flowed ; no more to hear or ask
 Stayed he, but ran his helmet thence to fill ;
 Then turned him sorrowing to his pious task :
 E’en then his hands (tho’ undiscovered still
 Her features) trembled as they loosed her casque ;

La vide, la conobbe ; e restò senza
E voce, e moto. Ahi vista ! ahi conoscenza !

LXVIII.

Non morì già ; che sue virtù accolse
Tutte in quel punto, e in guardia al cor le mise,
E, premendo il suo affanno, a dar sì volse
Vita coll' acqua a chi col ferro uccise.
Mentre egli il suon de' sacri detti sciolse,
Colei di gioia trasmutossi, e rise :
E in atto di morir lieto e vivace
Dir pareva : s' apre il cielo, io vado in pace.

LXIX.

D' un bel pallore ha il bianco volto asperso,
Come a' gigli sarian miste viole ;
E gli occhi al cielo affisa, e in lei converso
Sembra per la pietate il cielo e 'l sole ;
E la man nuda e fredda alzando verso
Il cavaliero, in vece di parole,
Gli dà pegno di pace : in questa forma
Passa la bella donna, e par che dorma.

He saw,—he knew,—then reft of motion stood,
And speech. O sight, O knowledge to be rued !

LXVIII.

But soon, the weakness of his heart to guard,
His prostrate energies he roused again ;
His own distress o'er-mastering, he prepared
To save by water her his sword had slain ;
Then as his lips the holy words declared,
She smiled with joy victorious o'er the pain
Of death's sharp sting, and seemed to say in heart :
“ Heaven opens for me ; I in peace depart.”

LXIX.

A livid paleness her fair face o'erspreads,
Like violet mingling with the lily white ;
On heaven she fixed her eyes ; and on the maid
Heaven seemed to look with pity and delight.
She had no strength for words, but in their stead,
Raising her cold bare hand towards the knight,
Gives him that pledge of peace ; and in this guise,
As one that falls asleep, the lovely maiden dies.

LXX.

Come l' alma gentile uscita ei vede,

Rallenta quel vigor ch' avea raccolto,

E l' imperio di se libero cede

Al duol già fatto impetuoso e stolto ;

Ch' al cor si stringe, e chiusa in breve sede

La vita empie di morte i sensi e 'l volto.

Già simile all' estinto il vivo langue

Al colore, al silenzio, agli atti, al sangue.

LXX.

But when he saw her noble spirit flown,
His lately rallied powers again give way :
And now his frantic grief impetuous grown,
Left him no longer o'er himself free sway ;
To his heart's narrow seat confined alone,
(All else was death's) life faint and fluttering lay ;
You scarce would know the living from the dead,
Voice, action, hue, from both alike had fled.

PHILOMELÆ AC CITHAREDI CONCERTATIO.

FAMIANUS STRADA. LIB. II. PROLUSIO VI.

(CLAUDIANI STYLUS.)

JAM Sol à medio pronus deflexerat orbe,
Mitiùs è radiis vibrans crinalibus ignem ;
Cùm Fidicen, propter Tiberina fluentia, sonanti
Lenibat plectro curas, æstumque levabat
Ilice defensus nigrâ, scenâque virenti.
Audiit hunc hospes sylvæ Philomela propinquæ,
Musa loci, nemoris Siren, innoxia Siren,
Et propè succedens stetit abdita frondibus, altè
Accipiens sonitum, secumque remurmurat, et quos
Ille modos variat digitis, hæc gutture reddit.

THE HARPER AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

FROM STRADA'S "PROLUSIONES."

Now Sol, declining from the noon of day,
From his bright tresses cast a milder ray ;
When, by the side of gentle Tiber flung,
His harp, to solace care, a minstrel strung ;
While the dark ilex and the greenwood shade
With tangled boughs the sultry hour allayed.

Him, as it chanced, a nightingale, that long
Had charmed the neighbouring copse with match-
less song,

(The siren of the place, but one that meant no
wrong,)

O'erheard ; and, by the foliage screened, more near
Approaching, drank each sound with greedy ear ;
And, to herself low murmuring, every note
His fingers struck, gave back with mimic throat.

Sensit se Fidicen Philomelâ imitante referri,
Et placuit ludum volneri dare : pleniùs ergo
Explorat citharam, tentamentumque futuræ
Præbeat ut pugnæ, percurrit protinùs omnes
Impulsu pernice fides. Nec segniùs illa,
Mille per excurrentis variæ discrimina vocis,
Venturi specimen præfert argutula cantûs.

Tunc Fidicen, per fila movens trepidantia dextram,
Nunc contemnenti similis diverberat ungue,
Depectitque pari chordas et simplice ductu ;
Nunc carptim replicat, digitisque micantibus urget
Fila minutatim, celerique repercutit ietu.
Mox silet. Illa modis totidem respondit, et artem
Arte refert. Nunc, ceu rudis aut incerta canendi,
Projicit in longum, nulloque plicatile flexu
Carmen init, simili serie, jugique tenore

The mocking strains in turn the harper heard,
And straight resolved to give the merry bird
The sport she seemed to seek ; for this, his lyre
He tunes with greater care, and proves each wire :
Then o'er the scale he runs with rapid thumb,
And sounds a prelude to the strife to come.
Not with less art the bird her voice essays,—
From high to low its compass she displays ;
Through each division running, soft and strong,
A previous sample of her powers of song.

Now o'er the frame his arm the minstrel flings ;
With careless air at first he touched the strings ;
And simple measures, regular and slow,
Seemed struck in scorn of such unequal foe :
Then o'er the chords his nimble fingers fly
With touch minute, and brilliant harmony ;
Brook no dull pause, but still take up again,
With rapid stroke, the ever varying strain.

He ceased ; and Philomel, with mimic art,
The measure caught, and echoed every part ;
Timid at first, as if from artless throat,
She slowly drew the long unvaried note ;

Præbet iter liquidum labenti è pectore voci :
 Nunc cæsim variat, modulisque canora minutis
 Delibrat vocem, tremuloque reciprocat ore.

Miratur Fidicen parvis è faucibus ire
 Tam varium, tam dulce melos ; majoraque tentans
 Alternat mirâ arte fides : dum torquet acutas,
 Inciditque : graves operoso verbere pulsat,
 Permiscetque simul certantia rauca sonoris,
 Ceu resides in bella viros clangore lacesat.
 Hoc etiam Philomela canit ; dumque ore liquenti
 Vibrat acuta sonum, modulisque interplicat æquis,
 Ex inopinato gravis intonat, et leve murmur
 Turbinat introrsùs, alternantique sonore
 Clarat, et infuscat, ceu Martia classica pulset.

Scilicet erubuit Fidicen, irâque calent e
 Aut non hoc, inquit, referes Citharistria sylvæ,

While from her breast, in smooth and even tide,
Her liquid voice spontaneous seemed to glide :
Then thickly warbled from her quivering bill,
In mellow tones she pours the varied trill ;
Minutely fine her trembling voice sustains,
And fills the wild woods with responsive strains.

The minstrel marvelled how from pipe so small
Such sweet, such various melody could fall :
A loftier effort of his art he tries,
And bids the notes alternate fall and rise.
Now shrill they pierce the ear, and now they rang
Beneath his touch with deep sonorous clang ;
Then in the trumpet's thrilling strains unite,—
Such strains as rouse dull laggards to the fight.
This, too, the bird achieves ; first, shrill and high,
The liquid music cleaves the vaulted sky ;
Then on a sudden from her chest profound
In deep low murmurs came the gurgling sound ;
The notes alternate seem to sink and swell,
And on the ear like martial bugle fell.

The harper blushed, half angry, half ashamed ;
“ Proud chantress of the woods,” he then exclaimed,

Aut fractâ cedam citharâ. Nec plura locutus,
 Non imitabilibus plectrum concentibus urget.
 Namque manu per fila volat : simûl hos, simûl illos
 Explorat numeros, chordâque laborat in omni :
 Et strepit, et tinuit, crescitque superbiùs, et se
 Multiplicat relegens, plenoque choreumate plaudit :
 Tum stetit expectans, si quid paret æmula contrâ.

Illa autem, quamquam vox dudùm exercita fauces
 Asperat, impatiens vinci, simul advocat omnes
 Nequicquam vires : nam, dum discrimina tanta

“ Either to this thy baffled powers shall yield,

“ Or I my harp will break, and quit the field !”

He said ; and putting forth his utmost pains,

Drew from his harp inimitable strains :

With flying fingers swept each sounding wire,

And called forth all the magic of his lyre.

On every chord he labours, and explores

Of taste and science all the hidden stores.

Now softly sweet the tinkling numbers came,

Now with loud crash resounds the vocal frame :

Now seem his hands in mutual chase to roll,

The strain redoubling ; till he crowned the whole,

As each new effort o’er the last still rose

With one full burst, one grand and glorious close ;

Then paused to listen if his rival still

Had aught to match this triumph of his skill.

But she, impatient to be thus outvied,

Though now too long and too severely tried

Her voice began to fail, yet gave not o’er

The strife, but summoned for one effort more

(Alas ! in vain) those powers too hardly tasked before.

For while the Harper to the contest brings

Reddere tot fidium nativâ et simplice tentat
Voce, canaliculisque imitari grandia parvis,
Impar magnanimis ausis, imparque dolori
Deficit, et vitam summo in certamine linquens
Victoris cadit in plectrum, par nacta sepulchrum.
Usque adeò et tenues animas ferit æmula virtus.

The complex harmony of countless strings,
She on her mere unaided voice relies,
And simple nature's untaught energies ;
Unfit to compass her ambitious aim,
Or of defeat to bear the conscious shame,
She sinks exhausted by the unequal strife,
And quits the contest only with her life.
The victor's harp receives her latest breath,—
A death-bed not unworthy such a death.
To such brave deeds can emulation fire,
And little souls with scorn of life inspire.

Dec. 11th, 1824.

DEFENDIT NUMERUS.

BLANDIOR indulsit, felis, tibi Parca ; novenâ

Nam tibi net Lachesis fila novena colo.

Hinc, si missa voles celsi de culmine tecti,

Decidis in tutos præcipitata pedes.

Nec miseram licèt infestent laniique canesque,

Te lanii exanimant, exanimantve canes.

Si moriare semel, si bis, si terve, quaterve,

Plusquam dimidiâ parte superstes eris.

VINCENT BOURNE.

DEFENDIT NUMERUS.

For thee, blest cat! the Fates indulgent twine
A ninefold thread of life from distaffs nine.
Hence, tho' from some high roof thou'rt headlong
cast,

Thou light'st in safety on thy feet at last.
Though dogs and butchers persecute thee still,
Nor dog nor butcher e'er can wholly kill.
For once, twice, thrice, four times, of life bereft,
Thou still hast more than half thy being left.

INNOCENS PRÆDATRIX.

SEDULA per campos, nullo defessa labore,
 In cellâ ut stipet mella, vagatur apis :
 Purpureum vix florem opifex prætervolat unum,
 Innumeras inter quas alit hortus opes ;
 Herbula gramineis vix una innascitur agris,
 Thesauri unde aliquid non studiosa legit.
 A flore ad florem transit, mollique volando
 Delibat tactu suave quod intus habent.
 Omnia delibat, parcè sed et omnia, furti
 Ut ne vel minimum videris indicium.
 Omnia degustat tam parcè, ut gratia nulla
 Floribus, ut nullus diminuatur odor.
 Non ita prædantur modicè bruchique et erucæ :
 Non, ista hortorum maxima pestis, aves

THE HARMLESS PILFERER.



WITH toil unwearied, over lawn and lea,
In search of honey roams the industrious bee ;
Amid the countless stores the garden yields
There springs no flower, no plant in all the fields,
Which the skilled artist passes unexplored,
From which she culls not something for her hoard.
From flower to flower she flies ; and, as she flies,
What each contains of sweetness tastes, and tries.
From each she sips, and yet there is not left,
(So sparing and so delicate the theft,)
Of wrong committed e'en the slightest trace ;
No flower has lost an odour, none a grace.
Not thus the slugs and caterpillars prey ;
Not thus, the garden's pest, the pilfering jay ;

Non ita raptores corvi, quorum improba rostra

Despoliant agros effodiuntque sata.

Succos immiscens succis, ita suaviter omnes

Temperat, ut dederit chymia nulla pares.

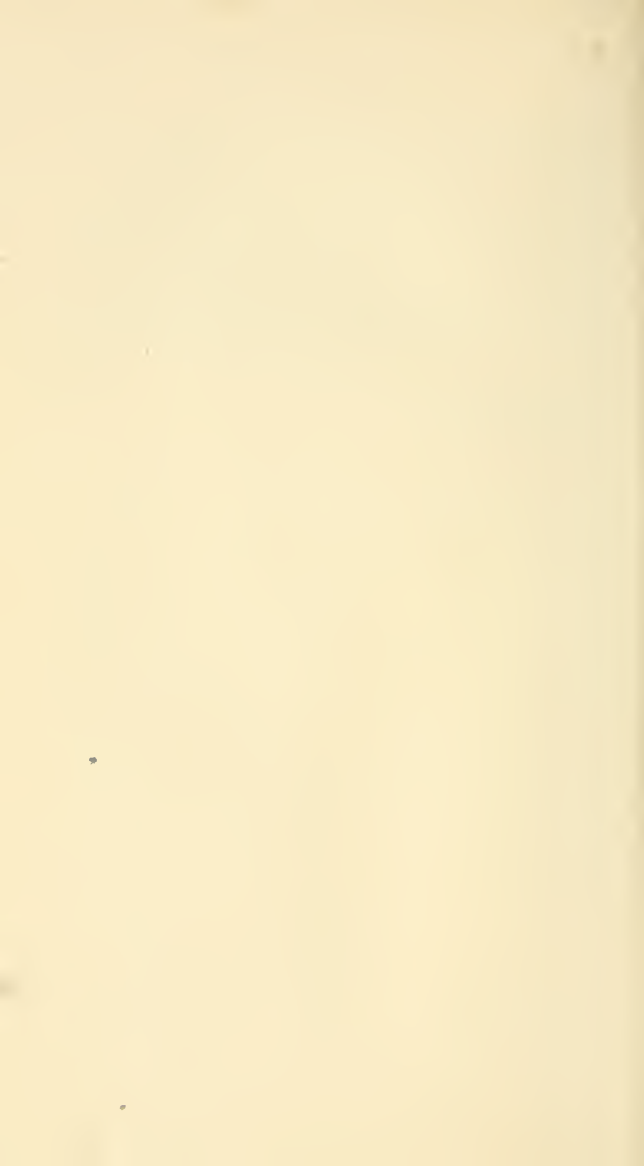
Vix furtum est illud, dicive injuria debet,

Quod cerâ et multo melle rependit apis.

VINCENT BOURNE

Not thus the robber rook, with restless bill,
Intent on plundering some rich cornfield still.
Then, how she blends and tempers juice with juice !
No chemic art the like would e'er produce.
Call it not robbery then, which she with store
Of wax repays, and honey o'er and o'er.

October 1827



LATIN—ORIGINAL.

AD PATREM.

DUM tu peritâ fers opem, pater, manu
Angoribus dolentium ;
Ultròque tristi, quid tuis debes memor,
Adhuc moraris oppido ;
Nos, cum maritâ liberi, peregrinus
Amœna ruris otia :
Nec scripta fortè displicebunt gaudia,
Queis ipse potieris brevi.
Labuntur ergò ut læta nobis tempora,
Ni tædeat, paucis lege.
Cùm per fenestras sol novum mittat jubar,
Ortumque nunciet diem ;
Refecta jamjam membra corriprens toro
Pererro prata roscida,

Lætusque miror ut viget nascens nemus,
Seu crescat ulmus fortior,
Meliorve platanus, seu micans abies comis,
Fagusve juncta robori ;
Dum fida gressus turba comitatur canum
Subindè tentans, quod licet,
Dumos ; latentem quippe sub satis adhuc
Turbare perdicem nefas.
Tum gaudeo, vel arte ficto Dædalâ
Muscæ nitentis corpore
Trutam obstinatam, viribus fractam suis,
Vix victor ad ripam trahens ;
Hamove lævem callidè vermem implicans
Percis edacibus dolum ;
Tineamque, piscinæque regem lucium
Haud parva capta præmia.
Hinc parca quales mensa delicias habet,
Hinc quantus est cibus sapor !
Mox, ire quâ me amœna suadeat via,
Per rura, per campos equo
Exerceor ; ni fortè juverit magis
Tentare quid profecerim

Torquens sagittam, stridulamque arundinem

Adusque metam dirigens.

At cùm coruscus orbe sol altissimo

Accendat æstus fervidos,

Ah ! quanta morus (morus haud ipsi tuæ

Cessura, vates inclyte)

Dat gaudia ! illic tegminis sub frigore

Dulci recumbens otio,

Aut nota circum prata mugientium

Armenta prospecto vaga ;

Aut miror ut se nunc in ipsa nubila

Columba præpes erigit.

Nunc visa labi, mox resurgit ocyùs

Scinditque gyris aëra.

Horamve quodvis lectitans opusculum

Impendo non inutilem ;

Ne fortè credas mentis hæc inter, pater,

Torpere neglectas opes.

Nec nempè vitæ gaudiorum rusticæ

Pars nulla debetur libris.

Sic cùm per arva pallidam sensim stolam

Tranquilla nox induxerit,

Cernas beatum, si quis est alter, gregem

“Circum renidentes lares.”

Dum ridet herbis mensa non nocentibus,

Splendetque cœnâ simplici :

Nec sermo dulcis deficit ; nec te, pater,

Hunc inter obliviscimur.

Reddent maritæ conjugem pauci dies,

Reddent parentem liberis !

Paucis diebus nostra tibi erunt gaudia,

Haud plena, ni tecum simul.

Aug. 13th, 1805.

AN CONTRARIA MUTUÔ SE EXPELLANT:
AFFIRMATUR.

VESPER erat: plenoque ignes de more vetusto
Lydia subjectos cauta lebetes premit;
Exierat fortè illa domo: mox tollere murmur
Inclusa ærato carcere cœpit aqua.
Surgit paulatim, flammæque coacta calore
Suppositæ, fervens altiùs unda tumet.
Protinus hinc illinc costas amplexus aheni
Ex ære iratas ejicit ignis aquas.
Nec mora, præcipiti per fumea claustra volutus
Candentem torrens irrigat imbre focum.
Vis ignis suppressa perit. Quid plurima?—Carbo,
Quò tua flamma abiit? quò tua lympha, Lebes?

AN BRUTA COGITENT: AFFIRMATUR.

Quà, strata in tabulis, sartorum fœtida turba

Sutile, transversis cruribus, urget opus ;

Præteriens elephas, mirans insueta, fenestræ

Intulit, affixâ non sine mole, caput.

Intrusam, variâ vafer arte, proboscida sartor

(Ludibrium sociis et sibi) pungit acu.

Non tulit hoc elephas : tacitâ sed percitus irâ

Accepta ulcisci vulnera fraude parat.

Multa movens animo, vestigia lenta ferebat

Quà sudat tepidâ pigra cloaca lacu :

Hinc ubi cœnosum per colla absorbuit haustum

Sartorum indignans limina nota petit ;

Hic tabulas super, intextasque proboscida vestes

Exonerans, fœdas expuit ultor aquas.

Protinùs audiri convitia mutua, ibi omnes

Effusæ merces, hebdomadisque labor.

Ille exprobatum tantorum causa malorum,

“ Ne vos pœniteat res ea,” sartor ait :

“ Si norint docti sentire elephanta dolorem,

Hinc tamen, hinc discent pectus inesse feræ.”

AD AMICUM MODÒ UXOREM DUCTURUM.

O TU juventæ prime comes meæ,
Experte mecum nunc studio graves
Acri labores, nunc jocosos
Gaudia amicitiae Lyæo,

Allene, ni tu Candide lætior
Audis; id olim seu nivei tibi
Fecêre cognomen capilli,
Sive animus sine fraude simplex,

Pectusque purum, (ut crediderim magis)—
Quocunque gaudes nomine; jam tria
Post lustra salve! gratulanti
Ritè mihi veterem sodalem.

Ergo illigavit compede subdolus,
Tenetque captum te Veneris puer ?
Jam nunc et arrisit, facemque
Lætus Hymen tibi nuptialem

Prætendit ? O ! quàm tu tibi conjugem
Duces beatis auspiciis domum !
Utrique consensere miris
Astra modis, animæque vestrùm.

Quàm digna amari sunt tibi novimus,
Quantique amoris corda capacia ;
Illi Juventus, Gratiaëque, et
Quicquid id est quod amœniori

Cor omnium ad se nescio quo modo
Allectat : illi pura Fides tibi
Devota, nec mutanda lætis
Temporibus dubiisve Virtus.

Multos in annos, O ! bone sis precor
Allene felix ! et tibi defluant
Desideranti pauca ab almo
Res, et honor, sobolesque cælo.

Scandant paternum Candiduli genu,
Natique natorum, et similes avi
Vultumque virtutesque in ævum
Perpetuum referant nepotes.

About 1820.

LINES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE GARDEN
AT SPRINGFIELD.

JAM mihi quem nuper vidi lætissimus hortum,
Fas sit quo possim breviter perscribere versu.
Principio hinc illinc ineunti maxima laurus
Circuitus patet in largos, et gramen obumbrat :
Inter utramque viâ rectâ fert semita ad ædes.
Progresso paulum ad lævam de cespite vivo
Ecce crucis secta est Melitenæ more figura,
Quæ variâ florum specie signata nitescit.
Ad dextram pariter, regalis forma coronæ
Floribus innumeris gemmas imitatur et aurum ;
Multaque præterea passim se sustulit arbos
Omnigenis ornata rosis ; et dahlia florum

(Si formæ par esset odor,) regina, colores
Pandit mille novos, et millia nomina jactat ;
Nec circumducto desunt pendentia muro
Prunaque purpurea, et mensis pyra grata secundis.

Sept. 2nd, 1839.

LATIN TRANSLATIONS.

AGAINST PRIDE IN DRESS.

WHY should our garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin,
'Till Eve, our mother, learnt to sin.

When first she put the covering on,
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.

How proud we are! how fond to shew
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor sheep and silkworm wore
That very clothing long before.

PRIMORUM inventæ probra ad celanda parentum,
Cur nobis tunicæ tanto in honore forent ?
Non prius ornandi venêrunt corporis artes
Peccare infelix quàm didicisset Eve.

Tum primum illa novo sese velavit amictu,
Ut stetit innocui tegmine nuda sinûs ;
At nos dedecoris stultè ostentamus aviti,
Illâ progenies orta parente, notas.

Mirari juvat, et nitidas ostendere vestes,
Quanti sunt pretii, quâ novitate micant !
Talia jactamus, sed bombyx ante gerebat
Has ipsas tunicas, ante gerebat ovis.

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I :
Let me be drest fine as I will
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.

Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind ;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.

No more shall worms with me compare ;
This is the raiment angels wear ;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old ;
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould ;
It takes no spot, but still refines ;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

Papilio variis longè mihi prænitet alis,
Prænitet innumeris tulipa picta modis.
Quo me cunque colam studio, musca æmula palmam
Me victo, et flores, vermiculique ferent.

Morum igitur cultus potior mihi cura, animique
Assidui ornatus interioris, erunt :
Veri sanctus amor, pietas, sapientia, virtus,
Hæc mihi vestis erunt optima, summus honor.

Hæc chlamyde instructo, tandem mihi cedite vermes,
Hæc solet angelicus sese amicire chorus..
Quinetiam hanc olim, dignatus visere terras,
Induit eterni Filius ipse Dei.

Nunquam obscuratur, nunquam obsolet illa ; neque
imbres,
Aut avido tineas ore, situmve timet :
Non maculam capit, at contra fit clarior usu,
Inque dies specie candidiore nitet.

In this on earth would I appear,
Then go to heav'n and wear it there ;
God will approve it, in his sight ;
'Tis His own work, and his delight.

WATTS.

Hoc ergo, in terris dum commoror, orner amietu,

Sic quoque et etherias fas sit adire domos ;

Rex ibi cœlicolûm vultu arridente probabit

Hoc opus Ipse suum, deliciasque suas.

Sept. 1832.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

REASONS FOR NOT ACCEPTING THE INVITATION OF A FRIEND.

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep ;
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in haloes hid her head ;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see, a rainbow spans the sky ;
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel ;
Hark, how the chairs and tables crack !
Old Betty's joints are on the rack.
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are seeming nigh.

JAM flare incipiunt rauco cum murmure venti ;

Nigrescunt nubes : sidit hydrargyrium ;

Fuligo descendit ; aranea cassibus exit ;

Dormitansque canis sternitur ante focum.

Pallidus hesternâ Sol nocte cubile petivit ;

Obvolvitur nebulis humida Luna caput.

Præsagus pluviae ducit suspiria pastor,

En etenim cœlos Iridis arcus obit.

Jamque putres fœtent fossæ ; murique madescunt ;

Pæta oculum timidè clausum anagallis habet.

Audisne ut mensæ crepuere, sediliaque ultro ?

Et gemit, ossa adcò discruciantur, anus.

Vociferatur anas ; strepit acri guttere pavo ;

Longinqui apparet jam propè montis apex.

How restless are the snorting swine !
The busy flies disturb the kine ;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings ;
The cricket too, how sharp he sings !
Puss, on the hearth, with velvet paws
Sits wiping o'er her whisker'd jaws.
'Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies ;
The glowworms, numerous and bright,
Illum'd the dewy dell last night ;
At dusk the squalid toad was seen
Hopping and crawling o'er the green ;
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays ;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is drest ;
Though June, the air is cold and still ;
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill ;
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton bones on grass to feast ;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight !
They imitate the gliding kite,

Sus præter solitum trepidat, nec stertere cessat ;

Morsibus exagitat musca molesta boves.

En humilis volat, et campum vix radit hirundo ;

Tum magis arguto carmine grillus ovat.

Ante focum felis sedet, assiduoque labore

Hirta pedum plantis mollibus ora lavat.

Aspicias vitream per aquam se mittere pisces,

Ut si cauta parum musca sit, arripiant.

Tum vidi innumeris interlucentibus herbam

Vermibus hesternâ nocte micare nemus.

Squallidus, erepens sub sera crepuscula, bufo

Pigra per immundam membra trahebat humum.

Pulvereamque rotans nubem, sublimè per auras

Huc, illuc, rapido turbine, ventus agit.

Aspice quæ nuper croceo fulgebat amictu

Vertitur, et fuseâ jam cute rana rubet.

Aura, æstiva licet, gelida est ; merulæque canoræ

Non jam suave fluit carmen, at acré sonat.

Præterea, oblitus naturæ, vescitur herbâ,

Ossaque, proh monstrum ! linquit ovilla canis.

Isti etiam corvi morem mutasse videntur,

Pennasque, ut milvi, vix agitare fugâ ;

And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball :—
'Twill surely rain, I see with sorrow;
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

DR. JENNER.

Tum quasi trajiceret subitò cor letifer ictus,
Aere se librant, præcipitesque cadunt.
Crastina lux pluvias (experto credite,) ducet,
Propositum moniti ne faciamus iter.

THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE poplars are fell'd : farewell to the shade,
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade !
The winds play no longer, and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elaps'd since I first took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew ;
And now on the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade !

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat ;
And the scene where his melody charm'd me before
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.



STRATUM populeum nemus est; cara umbra, valetō!

Frigus, et aurarum grate susurre, vale!

Non jam inter frondes leni flant murmure venti,

Non harum in vitreo flumine imago micat.

Bis sex præteriēre anni, ex quo tempore vidi

Dilectum, ornabat quem nemus illud, agrum;

Quod nunc, ecce! jacet subversum in gramine: et

arbor

Nunc mihi dat sedem, quæ modò tegmen erat.

Jamque alias merulae latebras petiēre, dici

Unde procul coryli fervida tela fugant.

Nec loca quæ grato quondam modulamine sensus

Mulcērunt, resonant jam mihi suave melos.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything can,
To muse on the perishing pleasures of man ;
Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments I see
Have a being less durable even than he.

COWPER.

Et mea vita fugax celeri pede labitur, et mox

Obrutus, hi quales sunt, ego truncus ero.

Adstabitque priùs capiti lapis, ossaque condar

Cespite, quàm veteri par nova sylva subit.

Has dum mente vices reputo, mortalibus ætas

Quàm brevis est moneor, quàm breve quicquid
amant.

Vita hominis velut umbra fugit, sed gaudia vitæ

Hei mihi ! prætereunt jam citiore fugâ.

THE ROSE.

THE rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd ;
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flower,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet ;
And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !
I snapp'd it ; it fell to the ground.

—

QUAM modò largus aquâ madefecerat imber, ad
Annam

Munere portabat læta Maria rosam ;
Et flos egregium, collecto humore gravatus,
Demisit collo languidiore caput.

Ut plenum vidi calicem, et folia humida circùm,
Sponte videbatur flos mihi flere suâ,
Et desiderio tristi mœrere relictæ
Arboris, unde avidâ vi modò vulsus erat.

Hunc properè arripui, nimîâ licèt obrutus undâ
Vix oblectandis naribus aptus erat ;
Arripui, cautusque parùm dum torqueo caulem,
Decussus cecidit flos miserandus humi.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind ;
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile ;
And the tear that is wip'd with a little address
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile.

COWPER.

Et tales, clamo, sunt qui lenimine vires
Infirmis animis suppeditare negant ;
Qui temerè exeruciant miseros, et frangere pergunt
Pectora, quæ luctûs jam grave pressit onus.

Hæc, si fortè mihi minùs exagitata fuisset,
Paulisper poterat salva fuisse rosa ;
Et, quibus almâ aliquis lachrymam deteraserat arte,
Mox risum videas, emicuisse genis.

MORTUARY VERSES,

COMPOSED FOR JOHN COX, PARISH CLERK OF NORTHAMPTON, AND
SUBJOINED TO THE YEARLY BILL OF MORTALITY, A.D. 1787.

WHILE thirteen moons saw smoothly run
The Nen's barge-laden wave,
All these, life's rambling journey done,
Have found their house, the grave.

Was man (frail always) made more frail
Than in foregoing years ?
Did famine or did plague prevail,
That so much death appears ?

No ! these were vigorous as their sires,
Nor plague, nor famine came ;
This annual tribute death requires,
And never waives his claim.

DUM lunæ tredecim vidèrunt currere Nenum
Et placido vectas amne natare rates,
Hos omnes, variæ decurso tramite vitæ,
Excepit tumuli non fugienda domus.

Ergone, jamdudum fragilis, nunc pronior ætas
Est hominum ad celerem quàm fuit ante necem ?
An miseranda fames, an sæviit horrida pestis,
Quod sic corripuit mors properata gradum ?

At vigor his idem datus est qui patribus olim,
Nec pestis venit, nec miseranda fames ;
Hæc fatum poscit, poscetque tributa quotannis,
Nec sibi non reddi debita jura sinit.

Like crowded forest-trees we stand,
And some are mark'd to fall ;
The axe will smite at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all.

Green as the bay-tree, ever green,
With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen ;
I pass'd—and they were gone.

Read, ye that run, the awful truth
With which I charge my page !
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.

No present health can health insure
For yet an hour to come ;
No med'cine, though it oft can cure,
Can always balk the tomb.

Haud secùs ac sylvis denso stant ordine pinus,
Et nota cæsuris illita cuique sua est ;
Sic nobis jussu divino ictura bipennis
Imminet, et Letho mox caput omne dabit.

.

Sæpe homines vidi qui primâ ætate virebant,
Qualis fronde novâ laurus amicta viret.
Vidi securos ludo dare tempus inepto ;
Præterii,—nusquam frivola turba fuit.

Perlege qui curris, non est mora longa legenti,
Perlege quæ noster vera libellus habet ;
Vermis edax rosæ latet heu ! sub flore juventa,
Esaque radicem verme senecta perit.

Quid si nunc valeas, non eras idcirco valebis,
Hora potest morbos proxima ferre suos ;
Sæpius attulerit forsân medicina salutem,
Non tamen immunis funere semper eris.

And oh ! that, humble as my lot
And scorn'd as is my strain,
These truths, though known, too much forgot,
I may not teach in vain.

So prays your clerk with all his heart,
And, ere he quits the pen,
Begs you for once to take his part,
And answer all—Amen !

COWPER.

Atque, oh ! sors quamvis humilis mea, nec fuit un-
quam

Dignatum multo carmen honore meum ;
Quæ toties cecini frustrà, ne rursus inepta
Pectoreque immemori mox abitura canam.

Sic toto de corde precor, digitisque priusquam
Depono calamos, hanc superaddo precem :
Ut partes nostras vos excipiat, et omnes
Unâ voce pium congeminetis Amen.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

WILFRID'S SONG FROM "ROKEBY."

O, LADY, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree !—
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnish'd holly's all too bright ;
The mayflower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine ;
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress-tree !

Let dimpled mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine ;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due ;

—
NULLAM, nympha, mihi, nullam contexe corollam,

Aut de cupressi facta sit illa comis ;

Ah ! nimium fulgent mihi lilia vana, nimisque

Lævis aquifolii planta nitoris habet ;

Nec rosa sylvestris, nec spinæ flosculus albæ

Me decet ; hæ decorent tempora mæsta minùs ;

Sed mihi, nympha, precor, nullam contexe corollam,

Aut de cupressi facta sit illa comis.

Impediat frontem festivæ palmite vitis

Euphrosyne ridens lumina, labra, genas ;

Cultori sophiæ contingat sobria taxus ;

Sitque bono civi mascula quercus honor ;

The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give ;
Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree !

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses bought so dear ;
Let Albion bind her bonnet blue
With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew ;
On favor'd Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green ;—
But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair ;
And, while his crown of laurel leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell ;—
But, when you hear the passing bell,
Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress tree.

Spem myrtus, vitamque novam dat amantibus ægris ;

At myrtum duro corde Matilda negat.

Ergo, nympha, mihi nullam contexe corollam,

Aut de cupressi facta sit illa comis.

Evehat exultans, pretioso sanguine partas,

Quas junxit geminas Anglia læta rosas ;

Cœruleum lotis hyacinthis rore galerum

Scotia (nec redolens desit Erica) tegat ;

Flore sibi caro, virides imitante smaragdos,

Semper honoratum cingat Ierna caput ;

At tu, nympha, mihi nullam contexe corollam,

Aut de cupressi facta sit illa comis.

Barbitos ieta sonet, dum vatûm crinibus aptam

Virgineo est hederam cura parare choro ;

Sanguineâque manu dum victor laurea nectit

Serta, triumphales det tuba rauca modos.

At tibi cum tulerit notæ vox tristis ad aures

Admonitus, animam corpore abisse meam,

Tum mihi, si libeat, contexas, nympha, corollam ;

Et de cupressi facta sit illa comis.

Yes ! twine for me the cypress bough ;
But O ! Matilda, twine not now !
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have looked and loved my last ;
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue ;—
Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress tree.

SCOTT.

Immo age, funereæ frondem mihi texe cupressi ;
Quin O paulisper flebile differ opus ;
Post aliquot menses, cùm te vidisse supremum,
Et te supremum tempus amâsse sinat ;
Cùm mixtis rhutâ violis, et rore marino
Spargent agrestes hæc mea membra manus ;
Tum mihi, nympha, precor, tum demum texe corol-
lam,
Et de cupressi texta sit illa comis.

October 9th, 1843.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

Go, lovely rose !

Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that 's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired ;

I, FORMOSA meæ dic rosa Lydiæ,
Quæ nunc et miserum me terit, et suum
Tempus, colligat ex hôc,
Illam quòd tibi comparo,

Quàm sit judicio pulchra et amabilis,
Prædulcisque meo ; dic, rosa, virgini,
Quæ spectanda juventâ,
Et formâ, et facie, tamen

E visu refugit, si vacuis virûm
Desertisque fores edita tu locis,
Illaudata périsses.
Parvi gratia penditur

Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die ; that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee :
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

WALLER.

Yet though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise ;
And teach the maid,
That goodness time's rude hand defies ;
That virtue lives when beauty dies.

KIRKE WHITE.

Semota ex oculis; dic age, prodeat
In lucem, neque se sic vetet appeti,
Sic laudata rubescat.
Tum demum morere; ut tuâ

Illa in morte legat, quàm spatium breve
Raris usque eadem lex dedit omnibus,
Si quid suavius unquam,
Si quid sit speciosius.

Sed nympham e foliis dulcis odor tuis
Post mortem doceat, tempus ut invidum
Spernit, vivaque floret
Virtus, cum periit decor.

March 11th, 1844.

EPITAPH IN WISBEACH CHURCHYARD.



BENEATH a sleeping infant lies ;
To earth his body lent
Hereafter shall more glorious rise,
But not more innocent.

And when the Arch-angel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Thousands shall wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine.

SUBTER quiescit dormiens infantulus,
Corpusque terræ creditum
Resurget olim gloriâ indutum novâ,
Suâ sed innocentia.

Ut angelorum principis canet tuba,
Rursusque vivent mortui,
Degisse tam paucos in hâc terrâ dies
Quâm tu, quot optabunt, puer !

THE ENVIOUS SNOW.

THE envious snow comes down in haste,
To prove thy breast less fair,
But grieves to see itself surpassed,
And melts into a tear.

THOUGH the same sun, with all diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of its power,
And justly set the gem before the flower.

POPE.

—
CÆLO descendit properè nix invida, colli
Candorem fidens vincere posse tui,
Sed dolet, ut sese victam certamine sentit.
Fitque, tibi mœrens cedere, lachrymula.

December 16th, 1843.

—
QUIB quod ubique jacet radios sol unus, et idem ;
Unde nitet pariter gemma, rubetque rosa,
Sideris ætherei laudabitur acrior ictus,
Et flori, ut jus est, anteferetur onyx.

November 1st, 1843

OH NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WITH ME?

Oh Nanny, wilt thou gang with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly lot and russet gown?
No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer decked with jewels rare,
Say canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou art fairest of the fair?

Oh Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind;
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
Oh! can that soft, that gentle mien,
Extremes of hardships learn to bear,



ERGONE vis mecum, comes hinc ire Anna? nec, urbis

Quòd nitidæ linquis gaudia, tristis abis?

Num poterunt umbræ te delectare silentes,

Fuscâ contentam veste, humilique casâ?

Cum tibi nec fulget, quæ quondam serica fulsit

Vestis, nec gemmæ quæ micuère, micant;

Regum aulas poteris, festosque relinquere cœtus

Pulchra ubi, præ pulchris omnibus, una nites?

Cum procul hinc aberis, nonne, O cara Anna, reverteres

Sæpe in præteritos anxia vota dies?

Qui disces, experta parùm, nunc fervida solis

Spicula, nunc hyemis flamina rauca pati?

Vultusne iste tuus nôrit tam mollis iniqui

Temporis extremas posse subire vices;

Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

Oh ! Nanny, canst thou love so true,
Thro' perils keen with me to go ;
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe ?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care ;
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath,
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death ?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret these scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

BISHOP PERCY.

Nec lætæ occurrent tristi tibi sæpius aulæ

Pulchra ubi, præ pulchris omnibus, Anna fuit ?

Sincerone adeò tibi pectus amore movetur,

Ut me nolueris per mala nulla sequi ;

Aut ego fortunæ si quando incommoda plorem,

Curarumne comes fida levabis onus ?

Si dolor inciderit, si quis mihi morbus, an ægro

Sedula tu nutrix, suppeditabis opem ?

Nec tristi desiderio revocabitur hora,

Pulchra ubi, præ pulchris omnibus, Anna fuit ?

Atque ubi jam tandem moriar, nostramne fideli

Tu præsens animam dum fugit ore leges ?

Eluctansque preme suspirium, et aspera risu

Mulcebis placido quot necis hora feret ?

An tibi erit curæ membra hæc, jam frigida letho,

Floribus et tenerâ spargere lachrymulâ ?

Nec cœtus hilares istos meminisse pigebit,

Pulchra ubi, præ pulchris omnibus, Anna fuit ?

HYMN, BY BISHOP HEBER.

WHEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil,

When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil,

When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood ;

In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade,

The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade,

The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,

SEU ver purpureos reserat lætabile flores,
 Ridentemque novo gramine pingit humum ;
Seu tener, æstivis delabens nubibus, imber
 Corpora messorum vieta calore levat ;
Seu glacialis hyems pigros tenet undiquè campos,
 Et durâ celeres compede frænat aquas ;
Terra Deum testatur, et omnes læta per horas
 Auctorem rerum prædicat esse bonum.

Mane diem volucres hilari quæ voce salutant,
 Vesperis et placidi quas magis umbra juvat ;
Venti qui rapido nunc verrunt turbine montes,
 Quæ nunc sopit iners lenior aura nemus ;
Sol croceo qui de thalamo pulcherrimus exit,
 Tramitis ætherei lætus inire viam ;

The moon and stars, their master's name in silent
pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,
Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
No, let the year forsake its course, the seasons cease
to be,
Thee, Master, must we always love; and, Saviour,
honour Thee.

The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of summer
fade,
The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake the
shade,
The winds be lull'd, the sun and moon forget their
old decree;
But we, in nature's latest hour, O Lord! will cling to
Thee.

Et luna, et tacitâ fulgentia sidera pompâ,
Divinam agnoscunt cuncta creata manum.

Ergone nos homines, quibus hæc sunt omnia in usum
Tradita, et ad cœlum queis patefacta via est ;
Nos soli ingrati nolemus solvere laudes,
Debita supremo munera parva Deo ?
Proh pudor ! antiquum licet annus deserat orbem,
Nec solitas nôrint tempora certa vices,
At Domine ! at nobis Tu semper amabere, nobis
Semper erit cultum nomen honore Tuum.

Marcescant verno reserati tempore flores,
Promissa æstatis munera terra neget ;
Intereat brumæ cedens autumnus iniquæ ;
Deserat umbrosum turba canora nemus :
Et sileant venti, legisque oblitus avitæ
Nec cursus peragat sol, neque luna suos ;
At nos, naturæ suprema ubi venerit hora,
Dividet hærentes nos Tibi nulla dies.

THE SONG OF JUDITH,

CHAP. XVI. VER. 2.

“ BEGIN unto my God with timbrels, sing unto my Lord with cymbals : tune unto Him a new psalm : exalt Him, and call upon his name.

For God breaketh the battles : for among the camps, in the midst of the people, He hath delivered me out of the hands of them that persecuted me.

Assur came out of the mountains from the north ; he came with ten thousands of his army, the multitude whereof stopped the torrents, and their horsemen have covered the hills.

PULSATE sistrum, principio Dei
Nomen vocantes ; tollite cymbala
 Novisque mecum concinentes
 Carminibus Domini Jehovæ

Efferte laudes : Ille minacium
Iniqua fregit prælia, et hostium
 Me castra fallentem superba
 Eripuit manibus scelestis.

Descendit Assur de Boreæ jugis,
Armata ducens millia ; tot manus
 Rivos morabantur ; tegebat
 Turba equitum, velut umbra, colles.

He bragged that he would burn up my borders,
and kill my young men with the sword, and dash the
sucking children against the ground, and make mine
infants as a prey, and my virgins as a spoil.

But the Almighty Lord hath disappointed them
by the hand of a woman.

For the mighty one did not fall by the young
men, neither did the sons of the Titans smite him,
nor high giants set upon him: but Judith the

Ergo hâc tyrannus fretus ope, insolens
Fines daturum dixerat ignibus
 Nostros, necaturumque ferro
 Se juvenes, neque parciturum

Infantibus vel matris ab ubere
In saxa jactis; tum pueros fore
 Prædam innocentes, et puellas
 Militibus spolium protervis.

Verùm has inanes Omnipotens minas
Irrisit, usus fœmineâ manu :
 Non ense florentis juventâ
 Ille viri cecidit profanus

Jactator; illum non soboles nova
Titaniâ de stirpe neci dedit ;
 Non interemérunt gigantes
 Anachidæ similes catervæ ;

daughter of Merari weakened him with the beauty of her countenance,

For she put off the garment of her widowhood for the exaltation of those that were oppressed in Israel, and anointed her face with ointment, and bound her hair in a tire, and took a linen garment to deceive him.

Her sandals ravished his eyes, her beauty took his mind prisoner, and her fauchion passed through his neck.

Sed gloriantis robur Judithæ
Vicit, Merari filia, per dolos
Aggressa, præstantique vultu
Debilitans animum ferocem ;

Quæ, cùm mariti tristia funera
Mœreret, atras deposuit tamen
Vestes, ut oppressum levaret
Solliciti populum Israël.

Nardo perunxit subdola Persico
Frontem decoram, sindonaque induit,
Mitrâque velavit capillos,
Falleret ut speciosa capti

Mentem tyranni ; nec soleis nitor
Qui fascinare lumina defuit :
Has ille devictus per artes
Succubuit, gladiusque collum

The Persians quaked at her boldness, and the Medes were daunted at her hardiness.

Then my afflicted shouted for joy, and my weak ones cried aloud; but they* were astonished: these lifted up their voices. but they were overthrown.

The sons of the damsels have pierced them through, and wounded them as fugitives' children; they perished by the battle of the Lord.

* The Assyrians.

Obdormientis discidit impiger :
Ingentis ausi fama paventibus
Persis repentinos tumultus
Intulit, attonitisque Medis.

Tum gens meorum, mæsta modò et malis
Afflicta, vocem tollere gaudio ;
Et nuper infirmæ excitari
Lætificis animæ triumphis ;

At mente perculsi interea, et novo
Casu stupentes, longè alios sonos
Illi dedêrunt atque mersi
Congemuère gravi ruinâ.

Multo cadebant vulnere perciti
Nostris ab omne parte sequentibus,
Et sauciati sic peribant
Ut pueri profugorum inermes ;

wax at thy presence : yet Thou art merciful to them that fear Thee.

For all sacrifice is too little for a sweet savour unto Thee, and all the fat is not sufficient for thy burnt-offering: but he that feareth the Lord is great at all times.

Woe to the nations that rise up against my kindred! the Lord Almighty will take vengeance of them in the day of judgment, in putting fire and worms in their flesh; and they shall feel them and weep for ever.

Te saxa viso, cera uti in ignibus
Mollis, liquescent: Tu tamen omnibus
Qui corde Te fido verentur
Semper ades Bonus ac Benignus.

Non immolatis nidor ab hostiis
Gratissimus, non sufficiet Tibi
Fumantis aræ sumptuosum
Munus; id omne parum est; sed illum

Qui Te timebit pectore simplici
Excelsa terrarum in loca provehes:
Væ gentibus, quæ in me levârint
Atque meos apicem arrogantem!

Ultor supremo jamjam aderit die,
Ignemque vermesque inferet improbis,
Mittens in æternos dolores,
Et gemitum, et sine fine fletum.

March 13th, 1851.

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